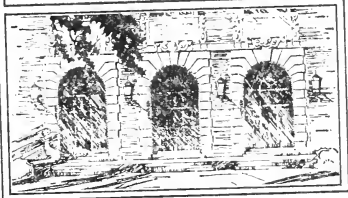
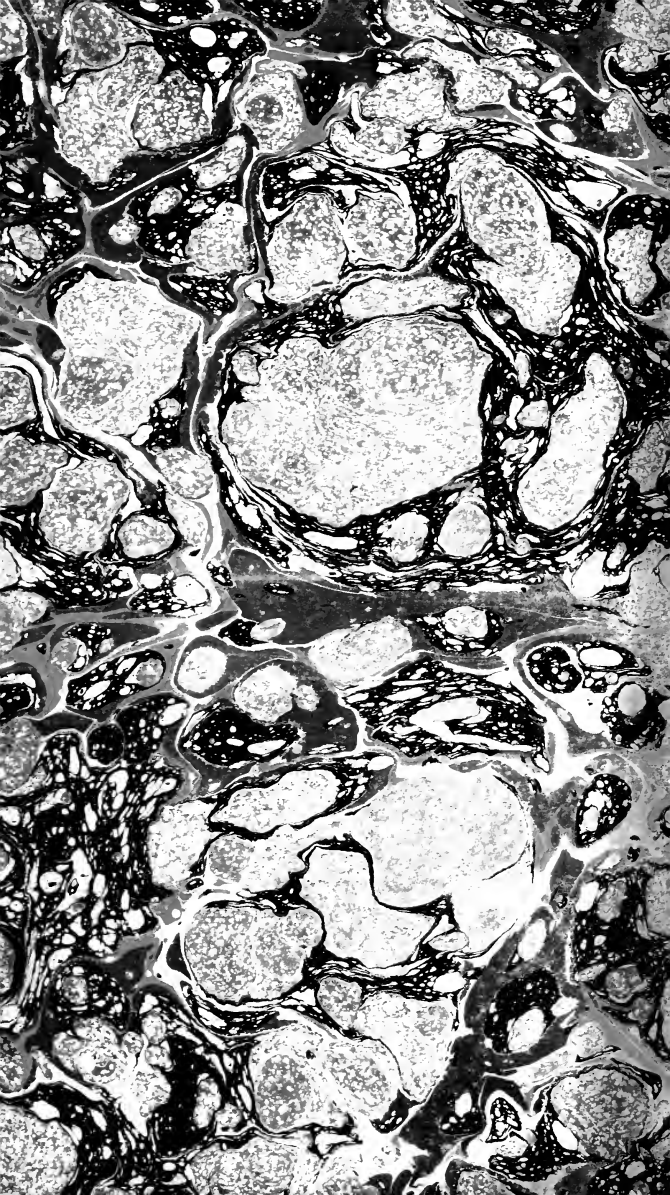




LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

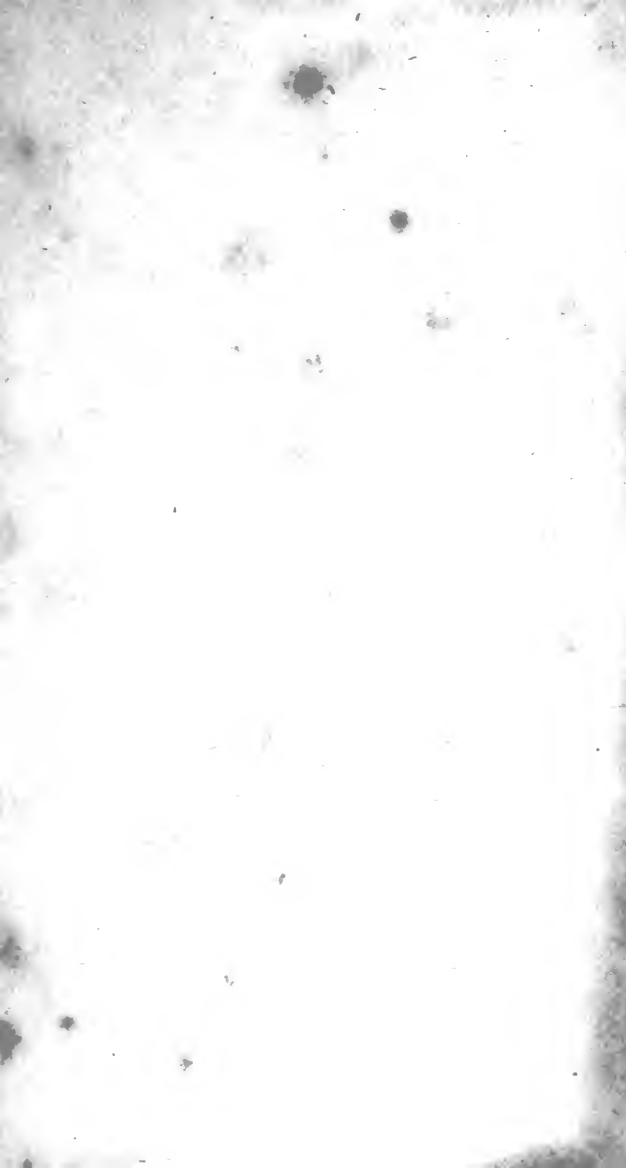
BOOKSTACKS











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign





THEODORE;

OR,

*THE ENTHUSIAST.*

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

VOL. III.

BROOKE, Printer,  
Faternoster-row.

*A. Arnold.*  
THEODORE; *1819*

OR,

THE ENTHUSIAST.

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

VOL. III.

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND  
ORME, PATERNOSTER-RROW.

---

1807.





823  
T3422  
V.3

# THE ODOR E;

OR,

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

---

### BOOK FIFTH, CHAPTER I.

Increase and Multiply.

---

The man who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight another day.

SO says a celebrated poet, and a truer thing was never said.—You smile, gentle reader, and I perfectly understand the reason why. It is because you think a truth so obvious does not need the sanction of prophetic rhyme. But you forget, all the while, that truths full as obvious have escaped the notice of mankind for a long series of years, and that it was

no longer ago than yesterday, that we perceived *the necessity of a man's eating in order to live*, although, since the creation, there is no instance of a man's living, who did not eat.

The advice of Butler was given in an age of error, when the preservation of the human species was an object of attention to the ignorant politicians of the day. But at a period so enlightened as the present, an author would blush to recommend it, and that for a variety of reasons, of which I shall content myself with specifying only two.

Imprimis, because it would be an unnecessary caution, and might operate with incalculable prejudice if applied to the science of war. And secondly, because it has been clearly demonstrated, that an *increasing population is a political evil*. It follows, therefore, of course, that the most meritorious service, which a general can perform, is to get rid of his soldiers as fast as he can.

In our former state of mental obscurity, we were weak enough to consider such men as Alexander and Attila, to be the severest scourges of mankind; but we are now compelled to acknowledge the fallacy of this opinion, and to class it among the most dangerous errors, which ever perverted the human understanding. For the very reverse of the foregoing proposition is found to be true; viz. THAT CONQUERORS HAVE BENEFITED THE WORLD, IN EXACT PROPORTION AS THEY HAVE DELIVERED IT FROM MANY THOUSANDS OF USELESS MOUTHS.

*Frugescommunerenatus* is a very exact definition of man. Yet so ignorant were legislators of the fundamental principles of political economy, that they encouraged the growth of population, in preference to the growth of corn. So that the earth must inevitably have been overstocked, had it not been occasionally disburdened of its redundant produce by

the invaluable blessings of famine, pestilence, and war.

Let us recur to history, and we shall instantly discover how infinitely we are indebted to those efficient causes for the actual comforts we enjoy. This too we ought to regard as an additional proof of the bounty of providence in counteracting the folly of man. Happily, indeed, we have seldom enjoyed many successive years of what we blindly honor with the mistaken appellation of felicity and peace, since the gallant son of Priam carried off the beautiful wife of Menelaus, and thus freed his country from the ruinous incumbrance of superfluous multitudes.

Few nations possess stronger claims to the gratitude of posterity than the Romans, since none have swept away more useless members from the surface of the globe. Yet we were induced by the prejudices of education to contemplate many of those illustrious republicans with hor-

ror and detestation, for having sacrificed the lives and happiness of their fellow creatures at the shrine of ambition ; but their conduct must now appear, to the enlightened statesman, in very different colors. Instead of execrating the barbarity of Sylla and Augustus, we ought to admire the sublimity of their plans, for having wisely availed themselves of fortuitous circumstances, to check the exuberance of a too rapid population. Nay, it is far from impossible, that Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, may cease to be regarded as monsters of inhumanity, while we attribute their frequent executions to a comprehensive judgment, or an intuitive glance at modern improvements, rather than to the violence of tempers rendered callous to the claims of humanity, or the frantic ebullitions of ungovernable passions.

How subservient is every principle of moral rectitude to the irrefragable dictates of experience ! one of the most

conclusive arguments, which has been ever urged against the religion of Rome, is its favourite tenet of ecclesiastical celibacy. It was triumphantly objected by its learned opponents, that such an injunction was diametrically repugnant to the divine command, as delivered to Adam himself ; but there is no rule without an exception. Even the exhortation TO INCREASE AND MULTIPLY, may be carried too far, as the poor-rates will shew in almost every parish in England.

Hence it appears that the characters of St. Francis and St. Benedict have been most falsely traduced ; for it is scarcely within the reach of computation to ascertain the extent of our obligation to the monastic orders, or to determine how far their wise institutions have operated for the benefit of society, in counteracting the first precept of the divinity.

Did we require any additional proofs to shew the ignorance of the French legislators, or to demonstrate the many evils with

which that fatal revolution has inundated the world, the abolition of the religious orders would furnish them; and I am happy in this opportunity of affording our juvenile orators a fresh topic for parliamentary declamation. Indeed when I attempt to compute the mischief that may have arisen from the destruction of the convents, I am doubtful if it has been compensated for by all the murders and assassinations which have polluted that disgusting theatre of blood, from the reign of Robertspierre to that of Napoleon the Great. Though truth compels me to acknowledge that both these illustrious men have been unremitting in their endeavours to correct the mistake, so that by the united operation of the guillotine, and the sword, the balance is now pretty fairly struck.

These surely are considerations highly deserving of the attention of every patriotic government; and it was probably upon this principle that the leaders of the

French revolution were honoured with the appellation of *patriotes*. The same means, indeed, are not equally at the disposal of every statesman ; but various other devices may be hit upon, of great, if not of similar efficacy.

It is not, I confess, my business to legislate for nations, but still I cannot refrain from throwing out the following hints, as objects of reflection for the rising generation. Now, I am firmly persuaded that so long as the command to *increase and multiply* shall be promulgated by the clergyman, as the express injunction of the creator, it will be no easy task to persuade his parishioners to abstain from the propagation of children. But in a new version of the Bible this impolitic charge might be expunged, or with the aid of a little casuistry be interpreted as alluding to the fruits of the earth. Then might every parish priest declaim with orthodox energy against the many inconveniencies of early marriages, and



recommend the produce of potatoes in preference to the produce of children.

For my own part, I am so fully sensible of the mischiefs arising from an over-stocked population, that I resolved to contribute my mite of reasoning to the general fund; flattering myself, that whoever seriously reflects upon the weighty arguments adduced by Theodore in favour of a monastic life, will instantly become a convert to his system, and endeavor like him and Sophia, to triumph over the seductions of pleasure, and the temptations of the flesh.

---

## CHAP. II.

---

There is little new under the sun.

---

THE first thing which caught Theodore's attention, upon entering his friend's apartment, was Thérèse's portrait. For

some moments he contemplated it in silence, no less astonished at the likeness, than doubtful of the means by which it was obtained. Reading his thoughts in his countenance, Frederic hastened to inform him that it was painted from memory, adding, with a deep sigh, "Alas! you know not the happiness I enjoyed, while tracing the features of her whom I adore." "I pity you most sincerely," replied Theodore, "for I fear you are cherishing a hopeless passion. Indeed, I thought to have found you more reasonable, and flattered myself that time and absence would have done much towards alleviating your sorrows." "Time and absence," resumed the disconsolate youth, "are never-failing nostrums, which the moralist applies promiscuously to every disease : but to the wretched victim, extended on the rack, or suffering under a fit of the stone, they bring neither ease nor consolation. Their pangs, like mine,

are beyond the reach of philosophy—death only can appease them.”

Perceiving how deeply he was affected by every thing that retraced the image of his beloved Theresa, Theodore attempted to give the conversation a different turn ; but all his endeavors proved ineffectual. The similitude of his own features with those of his sister had awakened the tenderest emotions of sensibility ; nor could any object, except Theresa, occupy the thoughts of Frederic.

All his inquiries, however, being at length satisfied, the establishment of our hero came next under consideration, and there being a vacant room in the house, it was agreed that Theodore should take it. His next occupation was to see every thing in the town that was deserving of notice ; and to deliver letters of introduction to some of the principal inhabitants.

Among others, he was particularly recommended to the Greiffenberg family,

with whom his father had been formerly acquainted. This, however, was a visit that he paid with visible reluctance, as the *hoffrath*\* had the reputation of being proud, and insciant to those whom he considered as of a rank inferior to his own ; while he bowed with all the servility of a sycophant to a star or a title. Theodore, on the contrary, had no idea of any superiority but what arose from personal merit, and consequently was little calculated either to be pleased with the *hoffrath*, or to please him. He resolved, however, to deliver his letter, but with the secret determination, in case his reception should prove unfavourable, by assuming an air of independence, to assert the dignity of worth.

Old Greiffenberg was no sooner aware that our hero was the son of a village

\* There being no word in the English language, that corresponds with that of *hoffrath*, the German is retained.

bailiff, than he put on all the consequential airs of office, scarce deigning to return his salute. He then cast his eyes upon the letter with affected indifference, and after reading a line or two, carelessly said, "What, is your father still alive? I thought he had been dead many years ago."

"I am happy, Sir, to be able to correct that mistake," replied Theodore, with an equal degree of coldness.

"I am seldom mistaken," resumed the man of importance, "when the subject is of a nature to engage my serious thoughts; but I have too many occupations of real consequence to attend to the bills of mortality of every provincial district. Things of this kind will escape my recollection. However, when you write to your father, you may give my compliments to him; and should you, at any time, have need of my protection, I shall always be ready to assist you."

Theodore, not a little piqued at these

ridiculous pretensions, made a slight bow, and was on the point of retiring, when old Greiffenberg, surprised that he did not express his gratitude in warmer language, and attributing his silence to timidity, condescended to unbend his features to something like a smile of encouragement, adding, in a softened tone,

“ You need not, young man, have the least hesitation in applying to me, under any difficulties ; for although my avocations are numerous, I will endeavor to find leisure to serve you : and give me leave to say, that when you are better acquainted with Ingoldstadt, you will learn the value of such a friend.”

Having thus, in his own opinion, impressed the astonished youth with the highest idea of his own consequence, he dismissed him with a nod more gracious than that with which he received him.

Steinfeld was waiting for him at the door, impatient to learn the result of his visit.

“ Well !” cried he, as Theodore descended the steps, “ am I a true prophet, or not ?”

“ Correct as the Delphic priestess,” replied the other, “ for so despicable a compound of vanity and impertinence was never, I believe, seen before. The visit, however, was indispensable, and I have performed a necessary duty ; but he may rest assured, that there is little chance of my interrupting his occupations by a renewal of it.”

*Frederic.*—“ No rash resolutions, I beg, till you have seen the lovely Leonora.”

*Theodore.*—“ What is Leonora to me ? Whoever dwells under that hateful roof must partake of the odious qualities of its owner.”

*Frederic.*—“ Judge not too hastily ; for here the opinion of the world is against you.”

*Theodore.*—“ Do not suppose that I care for the decisions of such a world as

that which we inhabit ; if I may be allowed to judge of it from the understandings and morals of my fellow-travellers. I thank God, that reason has been hitherto my guide, and I feel little inclination to abandon her direction, to enlist under the banners of folly and dissipation."

Convinced that it was in vain to argue the point any longer, in his present state of mind, Steinfeld changed the subject, and upon their return to their lodgings, assisted his friend in making such arrangements as seemed essential to his future comfort.

Theodore would now have been tolerably happy, had not his sympathetic feelings for Frederic cast a cloud over every prospect. But hourly to witness the pangs which gradually undermined his health, was a trial too severe for his compassionate heart. Having previously resolved, if possible, to extinguish so hopeless a flame, he sedulously avoided ever mentioning Theresa's name, nor could he be pre-



vailed on to enter into any details respecting her present state of mind, as he eluded the subject by alleging that she had of late been a very negligent correspondent, and that he was consequently unacquainted with many particulars about which his friend might wish for information.

This reserve, however, was far from proving successful, and served either to irritate Steinfeld's temper, or to alarm his fears. At one moment, he was convinced that Theresa was dying; at another, that he had lost her affections; for what else could there be to conceal. It was in vain for Theodore to assure him, that he had no grounds for similar apprehensions. No asseveration could satisfy him. He taxed his friend with indifference and want of feeling: yet so gentle was the heart of Theodore, that he bore it all with patience, and though exposed to the irregular sallies of a dis-tempered imagination, he devoted all his

time and talents to the consolation of his unhappy friend.

These unremitting attentions, added to the requisite labors which a regular course of study imposed, left him little leisure for amusement, and allowed him no time for society. The only student with whom he associated was Godfrey, and in him he found a heart susceptible of the tenderest feeling, and a temper, in many respects, congenial to his own.

---

---

### CHAP. III.

---

#### An Electric Shock.

---

THEODORE now began systematically to explore the secrets of nature, and to dive into the mazes of metaphysics. In the former pursuit, he was directed by a

man of an enlightened genius ; but in the latter, he found the gloom that surrounded him, rendered still more impenetrable by the intricate jargon of the schools. The teacher of metaphysics was a jesuit, and the reader may judge of the abstruseness of the subject, when pinched and tortured by the subtilizing spirit of casuistry.

Yet in spite of all the difficulties which he had to encounter, our hero's understanding was rapidly improving, while his enthusiasm for virtue seemed equally to increase. By attentively tracing the crimes and follies of mankind in the eventful page of history, he learned properly to estimate those important maxims which father Philip had so warmly inculcated ; and as he discovered the wisdom of his precepts, his attachment was strengthened by an additional tie. Nor were his talents for music and poetry neglected ; on the contrary, they served as agreeable relaxations from more serious studies.

Yet Theodore was far from enjoying that serenity of mind, which is the usual companion of innocent youth. For the first time in his life, he felt an irksome void, for which he was unable to account. When alone, his bosom heaved with an involuntary sigh, while the unbidden tear rolled gently down his cheek. This sudden alteration alarmed him, and he began seriously to investigate the cause. Yet after deliberately examining his heart, the result was by no means satisfactory. No apparent motive existed to disturb the tranquility of his mind, but a sympathetic feeling for the sorrows of his friend, and to that therefore he attributed his uneasiness.

Yet while he reflected upon the severe trials to which Frederic and his sister were exposed, and the miserable fate of Sophia, he grew still more weary of a world, in which the noblest souls are doomed to suffer the bitterest pangs. The frightful spectacle of moral evil af-

fectured him with emotions too violent to be controuled ; and he saw no spot, except a convent, amid the desert waste where he was condemned to wander, which afforded a prospect of repose. All else was convulsed by the storms and tempests of ambition, obscured by the gloom of poverty, or desolated by the abuse of power.

Impressed with these sentiments, he resolved, by increasing application, to anticipate the happy moment of his reception, and accordingly directed his researches almost entirely to theological questions, passing many hours daily in meditation and prayer. Such a temper of mind seemed peculiarly formed for those high-flown notions of religion, which elevate the imagination to visionary dreams of unattainable perfection. But the sacred writings, which were now constantly before him, by enlarging his conceptions of the Divinity, secured him against the dangers of a too lively fancy,

and taught him to consider Christianity in its only proper light, as the noblest system of practical morality.

Theodore's way of life was scarcely less recluse than it would have been, had he been already immured in a monastery. At an early hour he visited the churches, and particularly that of a neighbouring convent, where he was equally attracted by a passion for music, and the enthusiastic warmth of devotion.

It was there that he accidentally knelt by the side of a young lady, who appeared so entirely occupied with her religious duties, that her eyes were never raised from her book. Theodore was so struck with her piety, that he could not help observing her with more than common attention. At length she lifted her face towards heaven with a supplicating look. So angelic a countenance never before attracted his regards, for to him she appeared like the messenger of peace, commissioned to deliver to the enrap-

tured world the blessed tidings of immortality. Her form was aerial, and seemed to his fascinated imagination to be purified from all the grosser particles of human imperfection. In mute astonishment he gazed upon her, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest he should disturb her meditations. After praying fervently for some moments, her head was again inclined, and her eyes met those of Theodore. That instant was decisive. Every faculty of his soul was entranced, and all the lessons of philosophy were forgotten. In vain he strove to recall his wandering senses, or to compose his thoughts to pious contemplation. It was to the unknown divinity that every offering was paid, who reigned the queen and arbitress of his future destiny.

When the service was over she rose to quit the chapel. Theodore heard the rustling of her robe, but felt unable to move, for he was rivetted to the pavement by the magic powers of fascination,

and when he lifted up his head, she was already gone. He attempted to follow her, and mingling with the crowd, pressed forwards towards the door. She was among the foremost of the throng, and he caught a distant glimpse of her graceful figure, as she descended the steps, and vanished like a blissful vision into the transparent air.

Without allowing time for a moment's reflection, he suffered himself to be carried away by the streaming crowd, till he found himself in the street, at some distance from the church. In his hurry, he ran against Godfrey, and was proceeding onward with indiscriminating haste, when struck with the anxiety that was visible in every feature, his new friend inquired if any thing particular had happened. Again he repeated the question, but might as well have been talking to the winds ; for Theodore heard him not, and hurrying away with the utmost rapidity, was out of sight in an instant.



## CHAP. IV.

---

Many dangerous symptoms appear.

---

UNCONSCIOUS whither he was going, Theodore continued walking with a hasty step; nor did he recollect that he was moving in a contrary direction from what he intended, till he was already in the open fields; when throwing himself on a bank, beneath an aged oak, he began coolly to reflect on what had passed.

“ Could it,” cried he, “ be a frail compound of weakness and sin, that shone with such angelic brightness? Could mouldering dust assume a form so captivating? move with so light a step? or breathe so purely? I have heard that beings of a superior nature oc-

casionally assume a mortal semblance, for purposes too wise for our dull intellect to penetrate. And surely the impression left on my mind is not that of incorporated clay. The feeling is un-mixed with gross desire, and untainted as the breath of morning in the month of May. Methought, when she left me, ambrosial fragrance diffused its sweetest perfumes. Nor was her disappearance like that of receding matter ; it was the evanescent fluidity of spirit melting into its native air."

While Theodore was thus busied with the creations of an enthusiastic fancy, the minutes stole imperceptibly away, till the cathedral clock struck one, announcing the busy hour, when the inhabitants of Ingolstadt were wont to recruit their exhausted strength with stewed beef and sour cabbage. He started at the sound, and running home, found Steinfeld waiting with the dinner on the table, and not a little surprised at his long absence.

The meal was a silent one, especially on the side of Theodore, who as soon as it was over, retired under pretext of the head-ach, but in reality to ruminate unmolested on the subject which was nearest his heart.

In this state he remained till he was interrupted by Steinfeld, who came to remind him of an engagement to meet a musical party at Godfrey's lodgings.

“ Music !” cried Thodore, starting as it were from a delightful dream, and unconscious of what he said, “ music did you say ?

What beauty tunes her syren voice ?

What angel sweeps the golden strings ?”

This was too much for Frederic's muscles, and he burst into a fit of laughter, which roused our hero from his visionary enjoyments. “ What in the name of wonder, is the matter with you, man ; for since you returned to dinner, you

have been in the fifth heaven. Did you meet a sprite, or fairy, in your walk ? whose spells have deprived you of your understanding ; for something extraordinary must have happened, or you could never have been so strangely metamorphosed."

Theodore having by this time recovered the powers of combination, felt conscious of the ridiculous figure which he made, and not exactly knowing how to excuse himself, muttered something in his defence, and then taking up his hat and cane, set out with his friend for the concert.

Immediately upon their arrival the music began, but Theodore's thoughts were otherwise employed, so that he played with evident marks of distraction, and almost always out of tune. This circumstance was the more striking, as he was remarkable for the nicety of his ear ; and his companions accordingly were half out of humour, when they found it im-

possible to make him attend. Thinking that some explanation was requisite, he complained that his head-ach was increased, and resigning his fiddle to another performer, hurried home as fast as he could.

Steinfeld, at his return, found him leaning on a table in a pensive attitude, and having inquired how he was, received for answer, that the pain was a little abated, and that he hoped a good night's rest would perfectly cure him. Frederic took the hint, and retired immediately, concluding that his friend would go directly to bed, and endeavor to sleep off his illness. But such was not the intention of Theodore. His mind was at war with itself, and by no means in a condition to taste repose. The beautiful incognita still appeared before him in all her charms, exciting sensations to which his tranquil bosom had been hitherto a stranger, and which he could not but regard as being totally inconsistent with the

professional purity of a monk. Already he believed himself criminal in cherishing such forbidden ideas, and poured forth prayers and petitions to every saint in the Romish calendar, imploring their succour to enable him to resist the attacks of Satan and the flesh. Yet the saints were deaf to his intreaties; for no sooner did he close his eyes, than the lovely stranger again presented herself, adorned with all the magic powers of grace ineffable. With resistless smiles, and thrilling kisses, she courted him to quit the thorny path of cold devotion, and to accompany her to those elysian bowers which pleasure decorates; while he sat, like the Grecian Hercules, in anxious suspense, whether to obey her syren voice, or stedfastly to adhere to the rugged track he had hitherto pursued.

“Ye patronising saints,” he exclaimed, starting from his pillow, and stretching out his arms to grasp the seducing phantom; “what fascinating charm over-

powers my senses ! waking, or sleeping, the same angelic form captivates my imagination ; inflaming my blood with illicit images, and rendering me the slave of every tumultuous passion. My whole nature has undergone a change, no less sudden than fatal.”

“ I tremble to examine my heart, for all within is turbulent confusion.—Yet is not beauty, when accompanied by innocence, and virgin purity, among the choicest gifts that heaven can bestow ? Were man enjoined by providence to gaze unmoved on the seducing sex, why was woman adorned with such attractive graces ? why blest with a bewitching softness against which stoicism itself is too weak to combat.”

A print of St. Francis now caught his attention. What bitter sensations did the sight occasion, with what contradictory emotions did it agitate his mind ! “ Is it then, sinful,” continued he, in an agony of grief, “ to admire the Creator in his

most perfect productions ? but alas ! for me (and as he spoke, his voice faltered at the recollection of his own wretched destiny) the rose of beauty blooms not ! I have prepared for myself the bitter cup of contrition, and must empty it to the very dregs.”

In this strain of querulous affliction he proceeded till the hour arrived for his attending public lectures. But it was in vain for him to attempt to recall his attention to scientific pursuits ; the lovely vision pursued him still, and he scarce heard a word that was uttered. Another day came, and his mind was equally disturbed. A third succeeded, without bringing the balm of repose. Every morning regularly he repaired to the chapel, where he first saw the lovely stranger, but returned to his lodgings with disappointed hopes, forming plans as fruitless for the morrow. In company he was silent, thoughtful, and dejected. Even the presence of Frederic gave him



pain. One only idea engrossed his soul, and exclusively occupied his intellectual faculties. It was to no purpose that he scrutinised his heart, for he could not persuade himself that the tumultuous feelings which robbed him of tranquility were the effect of love. That indeed was impossible, since nothing could be more offensive to the institutions of St. Francis, than for a friar to become the slave of sensual desires ; and although he was not yet a member of that holy order, he possessed by anticipation all the continence of a capuchin. From what other cause then could the malady arise ? It was perhaps the consequence of too intense application, and might be occasioned by nocturnal study and the want of necessary sleep.

In this dilemma he consulted his friend ; but without revealing the secret that was nearest his heart. Being therefore only partially acquainted with the symptoms of the disease, the inferences which he

drew could not be accurate, nor the medicines efficacious which he prescribed. The conclusion, however, proved such as our hero desired, and coincided exactly with his own. A relaxation from study was seriously recommended, according to the principles of the learned Dr. Brown.

This advice perhaps might have proved of service, had it been strictly adhered to ; but Theodore was an enthusiast in every pursuit, so that the hours which were stolen from science were uniformly devoted to love. It was on a Sunday that he first saw the idol of his affections, and he now looked forward to the return of that festival with as much impatience as he had formerly done to the hour of his renouncing the world. He rose at the dawn of day, dressed himself with greater care than he had ever done before, and running eagerly to the chapel, fixed himself on the very spot where the fair incognita had knelt. The service be-

gan, yet the lovely stranger did not appear. At the approach of every female, his bosom beat with tremulous emotion, though he scarcely ventured to raise his eyes, lest his expectations should be nipped in their bud. By degrees, however, his agitation became so violent, that it was no longer under the controul of reason. He quitted his place, and wandering from aisle to aisle, examined every separate chapel. Nor did he pass a confessional without peeping into it, to see if she, whom he adored, was there. At length he perceived, in a remote corner, a female figure of fine proportions, kneeling devoutly before an image of the holy virgin, and covered entirely with a black veil. His heart palpitated as he approached the spot: his knees trembled, and almost sunk under the load which they bore. With a mingled sentiment of hope and apprehension, he gazed upon the stranger, but was unable to discover who she was, for she reclined against the

clustering mass of a gothic column, and was in great measure hidden by its lengthened shade. In this state of anxiety he seated himself on an adjacent bench, from whence he could command an uninterrupted view of all her motions, flattering himself that some fortunate chance might disclose the mystery, which he desired, yet dreaded, to penetrate. The earnestness with which he gazed upon her, and the vivid fire that darted from his eyes, escaped not the lady's notice, and from the instant that she made this discovery, she visibly grew less attentive to her devotions. This Theodore regarded as a most favorable omen, and began already to believe that a secret sympathy, with resistless force, drew their souls together. Nor was the attraction less active with respect to the body, as he kept creeping on, inch by inch, till he came nearly in contact with the lady, who, impelled by that pure principle of universal charity, which commands us to do unto

others as we would they should do unto us, gently raised her veil, and discovered—not that angelic countenance which the enraptured youth expected to behold, but a miserable counterfeit of paint and patches, which operated at once like a non-conductor, by intercepting the electrical impulse.

Half frantic with despair, Theodore started up, and rushed out of the church with a step as precipitate, and a countenance as wild, as if he had been pursued by the avenging furies, or (to use a simile more familiar to many of my readers) by half a dozen bailiffs. Without reflecting that the service must be already over, he ran to the cathedral, though situated in a distant part of the town, and entering it, pale and breathless, looked more like an assassin who was flying to a sanctuary, than the pious frequenter of a christian temple. To his utter astonishment he found the church deserted, save by two wrinkled hags, who

were muttering petitions to the ill-sculptured marble, as they fingered their greasy beads. A sight so abhorrent to the expectations of a lover recalled his wandering thoughts, and looking at his watch, he was convinced, to his inexpressible regret, that no hope could be any longer entertained of that day meeting with his divinity.

---

---

## CHAP. V.

---

### A second Meeting.

---

AT his return to his lodgings, Theodore found a letter from Theresa, acquainting him that their father had had another attack, but was entirely out of danger when she wrote.

Theodore had now a rational plea for

sorrow ; and Frederic was no longer surprised to see him indulge in all the bitterness of grief ; for although no fatal consequences were to be immediately apprehended, it could hardly be expected that, at his time of life, old Rosenthal could long resist these frequent and violent relapses. Of this, indeed, Theodore seemed fully convinced, and was most sincerely afflicted at the idea, as we may collect from the following extract, which is copied out of a letter to his sister.

“ Every event of life serves more fully to demonstrate, that it is folly to hope for real felicity on this side the grave. Every day brings a fresh succession of evils, progressively increasing, till our exhausted frame sinks beneath their weight. It is to the termination of this cruel struggle that a wise man should look forward with impatience ; for it is in the tomb alone that he can cease to suffer. Would that my career were already terminated ! that I might repose among the silent dead, se-

cure against the persecutions of fortune, and the painful vicissitudes of protracted existence ! To die is the inevitable doom of all who are born. It is a law imposed by the very nature of our being ; and happy are they who are first summoned from this gloomy scene of varied misery. But should we not be permitted as yet to quit our post, it behoves us so far to die to the world, that our affections being estranged from all its temptations, we may rise superior to the assaults of calamity.—You understand me, dearest Theresa, a convent is our living sepulchre ; there, and there only, are entombed the cares, the strifes, and the passions of the world.”

The agitation of our hero's mind seemed rather to augment, than to diminish, with every succeeding day. He grew careless of his dress, absent in company, negligent in his studies, and equally indifferent to every occupation. Instead of performing as usual at Godfrey's little



parties, he sat musing in silence over his wretched destiny. Godfrey observed him with regret, though he thought it best not to take any notice of his dejection; he tried the powers of music, and perceiving that he was inattentive to the harmonious cadence of the Italian school, he endeavoured to rouse him by a bold and fanciful symphony, composed in the wildest spirit of German taste. Scarce had he began, when Theodore, starting as it were from a trance, seized his violin, and joined in the accompaniments with masterly execution.

“What exquisite genius!” cried he, when the piece was finished, “has the composer displayed! what energy! what imagination! It is one of the most striking compositions I ever heard, and I beg we may play it again.”

---

It is not my intention to occupy the reader with a minute detail of our hero's

feelings, as he must be either a perfect stranger to the frailties of human nature, or can need no additional arguments to shew that every man believes his own sufferings to be the keenest which providence can inflict. This was exactly Theodore's case, and never did he return from the chapel without attributing his disappointment to the enmity of fortune, and complaining that he was selected by that cruel goddess to become the chosen victim of her most inveterate persecution.

One day, however, when he began almost to despair of ever again beholding the idol of his affections, he saw her enter the church, accompanied by a middle aged woman, whose placid countenance prepossessed him not a little in her favor. His heart beat quick, when he beheld her place herself on an opposite bench ; she took out her prayer book, and fixing her eyes upon it, seemed wholly occupied with her devotions. With eager rapture

he gazed upon her, and as her veil was transparent, enjoyed an uninterrupted view of her angelic countenance. Sometimes too he flattered himself that she had distinguished him among the croud, and looked at him with a mixture of interest and timidity. Absorbed in the contemplation of her transcendent charms, he was totally insensible to every other object. For the first time in his life he forgot to pray, and though every faculty of his soul was lost in adoration, yet the divinity he worshipped was weak, and mortal like himself.

Theodore had remained for a considerable time in this state of mental felicity, when a sudden tap on the shoulder caused him to turn hastily round, and he beheld Steinfeld close by his side.

“The morning is so fine,” said Frederic, “that I feel inclined for a ramble, and want you to accompany me, if you have nothing better to do.”

Theodore knew not how to excuse him.

self, without betraying his secret, although the proposal entirely deranged his plans, as he hoped by following the fair incognita, to have discovered the place of her abode.

“Something surely must have happened to you,” said Steinfeld, as they descended the steps, “for you appear equally lost to yourself and to the world. I am sure I stood by you full a quarter of an hour, without your ever discovering that I was there.”

“That is very extraordinary,” replied the blushing youth. “But the music was so uncommonly beautiful that I could attend to nothing else.”

Anxious to turn the conversation to a subject which might be discussed with greater freedom, Theodore descanted with rapture on the beauties of nature. The hazy stillness of an autumnal morning, the yellow leaves falling in measured cadence from the scarcely agitated boughs, the solitary inhabitants of the half naked

branches lamenting the unexpected change, together with the drooping flowers which were gradually withering on the russet bank, retraced a striking image of approaching dissolution.

Seating themselves on an eminence which commanded the Danube for many miles, Theodore contemplated in silence the majestic stream, till unable any longer to command his feelings, he thus exclaimed :

“ This river is an affecting emblem of all worldly possessions. Every thing in nature glides away with the same rapidity, scarce leaving a trace behind. The languages, the achievements, even the names of great and warlike nations are no more remembered ; and the founders of empires, the patrons of science, and the inventors of many useful arts, are to us as if they had never been. What a source of humiliation must this afford to those, who persuade themselves that they are directing the grand machinery of the world,

because they are permitted to peep through a muddy glass, and see something of the motion of the wheels."

In this strain he was proceeding, when his attention was caught by a body floating on the surface of the water.

"It may be still possible," cried he, "to rescue a fellow creature from destruction," and with these words he ran to a fisherman's hut, that was situated at the bottom of the hill. In a moment the fisherman was in his boat, and had taken up the body, which proved to be that of a beautiful young woman. Her dress was simple, and suitable to the situation of a servant, and as her skin was not discoloured, nor her limbs stiff, it was probable she had not remained long in the water.

"Upon my soul," cried the fisherman, as he examined the body, "this is no ordinary wench! What coral lips! and how white a bosom she has. No doubt she has been seduced by some hard-

hearted wretch, and this is the method she has taken to conceal her shame."

He next emptied her pockets, and found in them a green worsted purse, containing a wedding ring, a silver thimble, and a few kreutzers. A chaplet next appeared, and last of all a breviary, with copper clasps. Upon opening the book a letter fell out, which Steinfeld attempted to read; but as it was ill spelt, and badly written, this was far from an easy task. At length, however, he contrived to decypher it, and we shall now give the original to the reader, with no alterations whatever, except merely correcting the orthography.

"Thou hast a false and cruel heart, O thou whom I loved so much, or thou couldest not have forsaken a poor helpless maid. Alas! weak fool that I am, I believed thee true, when thou didst swear to be faithful to the wretched Mary. I trusted thee, and was undone. But I can not survive my disgrace. May Heaven

pardon the rash action that I am about to commit ! But I cannot survive my disgrace.”

The letter was signed M. S. but the direction was so much blotted with tears that it was impossible to make out more than the two first letters of the name, which were Bo. Frederic put it into his pocket, determined to spare no pains, in order to discover the villain who had driven this unhappy creature to despair.

“ This is a sorry sight,” said the fisherman, “ and I wish with all my heart that the man who ruined her was here to see it. By Heaven, I would not be in his shoes for all the treasures in the Danube, not even if I was sure to catch a salmon at every cast.”

“ You are an honest fellow,” cried Frederic, giving him a crown, “ and I cannot do better than leave the body under your care, till the proper officers can come to examine it;” and with these



words he walked solemnly away, directing his steps towards the town.

---

---

## CHAP. VI.

—Hence, horrible shadow !  
Unreal mockery hence !

---

THOUGH our two friends were equally affected with this melancholy adventure, yet they knew not how to excuse themselves from accompanying Godfrey to a neighbouring village, where he gave a dinner to some of his fellow students, among whom were Kromer and Bolling. The morning passed pleasantly, amid those innocent diversions in which the country abounds, and during dinner Steinfeld related the melancholy scene, of which he and Theodore had so lately been

spectators ; he could not, however, produce the letter, as he had unluckily left it at home.

“ I have often,” said Godfrey, “ reflected with astonishment on the inconsistency of our laws, which place the wretched victim of shame and sensibility upon a level with the criminal who cuts his throat in order to avoid the gallows, or with the debtor who defrauds his creditors by blowing out his brains.”

“ This is radically wrong,” replied Steinfeld, “ since it is the duty of a wise legislator to distinguish between misfortunes and crimes.”

“ Alas !” exclaimed Theodore, “ the secrets of the heart come not within the competence of any earthly tribunal. Yet how excruciating must be his feelings, whose perfidy drove a too credulous maid <sup>to</sup> such a deed of desperation.”

“ Upon my soul, gentlemen,” said Bolling, “ I did not come here to be sermonised. Morality may do mighty well

in the pulpit, but a bottle of burgundy is more to my taste at dinner."

*Kromer.*—"I think I have read somewhere or other, that the ghosts of all those who kill themselves, are doomed to wander for a hundred years upon the banks of a dirty river, which is called by the poets the Styx. But I hope, for the sake of the poor strollers, that the climate is not quite so cold as ours, for it would otherwise be d——d bad fun."

*Bolling.*—"Enough to cool the courage of the boldest of them, did they know it beforehand," (and he laughed heartily at his own wit.)

*Godfrey.*—"Very poor indeed."

*Bolling.*—"You sentimental fellows love nothing but what is grave. For my part, however, I am for making the best of every thing, and must say that nothing can be so foolish as for a handsome woman to kill herself. If we could get rid of the old and ugly that way, why there would be no great harm done, but for a

fine girl to throw herself into a river, instead of into the arms of another lover, is the height of madness, I think."

*Steinfeld.*—"Too much sensibility is a dangerous companion ; and when a woman has placed all her hopes of happiness on a man, whom she believes incapable of a dishonorable act, and finds herself betrayed, it is not surprising that she should fly from a world, where she has nothing to expect but shame and remorse."

*Bolling.*—"Folly in the extreme, since the loss is easily replaced. As for me, I will engage never to put an end to my existence, while I can meet with a mistress, or a bottle, to console me."

*Godfrey.*—"Thine is a tough heart. Yet with all this boasted *stoicism*, (for so I conclude you would call it) I do not believe that thou wouldest willingly exchange situations with the monster, who drove this poor girl to destruction."

*Bolling.*—"That depends entirely upon

circumstances ; for if the temptation were great enough, I cannot answer for myself."

A general look of disapprobation followed these words, which were scarcely out of his mouth, when a cart passed slowly by the window, attended by a croud of people, whose countenances were equally expressive of compassion and horror. The waiter being ordered to inquire the occasion of this extraordinary appearance, returned with information, that they were conducting the body of a young woman, who was drowned in the Danube, to the next village, to which she was supposed to belong.

"We shall now see," cried Bolling, running hastily out of the room, "whether the *monster*, as Godfrey calls him, had a good taste, or not."

The cart had stopped before the inn, and the driver was swallowing a dram, as Bolling appeared at the door. With an air of gay indifference he approached the

body, and drawing aside a napkin that covered the face, started back, with an exclamation of terror, and then fell senseless on the pavement.

His fellow students, who followed him, were equally surprized and alarmed at the condition in which they found him. His eyes were wild, his countenance ghastly, his head covered with blood. A village surgeon, whom curiosity had attracted to the spot, ran hastily to offer his services, and upon examining the skull, discovered a large wound, which he declared to have been occasioned by the pterocranium coming in contact with a sharp stone in the fall. In a trice, he whipped out a razor ; for he was one of those extensive practitioners, whose dexterity comprehends all the various branches of the art ; and having removed a certain quantity of the most valuable appendage of the patient's head, viz. his flowing locks, he produced a pot of ointment, which would probably have served for

pomatum, when he acted in the capacity of a barber, but which in the scientific language of chirurgery was aptly denominated *digestive liniment*.

After liberally besmearing the orifice, he proceeded to apply to the patient's nose a small vial, of such strength and efficacy, that it seemed equally calculated to rouse, or to extinguish, the latent sparks of life. With an instinctive motion of the hand, Bolling pushed away the bottle, and opening his eyes with a frantic stare, "O keep her from me! keep her from me!" he cried, and sunk again motionless on the ground.

Again the spirit was made use of; again the student revived; again he started at seeing the body; again he relapsed.

The inefficacy of repeated trials having evinced the incapacity of this rural Esculapius in the opinion of every body except himself, a physician was sent for from Ingolstadt, and Bolling conveyed

to bed by the assistance of Kromer and Godfrey.

The son of Galen arrived in about an hour, and found his patient in a raging fever, accompanied with a strong delirium. Every feature was distorted with the most ghastly expression of horror, while his extended arms seemed in the act of pushing from him some terrific fiend.

“ Save me ! save me ! ” he exclaimed  
“ I am not prepared to go ! shall a wretch like me presume to face the eternal judge ? ”

The doctor shook his head, adding, with a significant look, that he feared the seat of the disorder lay too deep for medicine to reach ; but that he would order him a soporific draught, which possibly might take effect. Having given positive injunctions that Bolling should be kept as quiet as possible, and never, even for a single moment, be left alone, he



took his leave, promising to return at an early hour the following day.

The evening drew on apace, and all prospect of further entertainment being now at an end, the youths prepared to depart, when Godfrey declared his resolution of remaining, during the night, with his sick friend.

The opportunity of performing a benevolent action never presented itself unwelcomed to the heart of Theodore, and he accordingly insisted upon sharing with Godfrey in his charitable occupation, although the vicious character of Bolling excited his scorn and aversion.

Exhausted by the violence of repeated paroxysms, or subdued by the narcotic powers of the medicine, Bolling fell into a state of torpid languor; yet it was neither the senseless vacuity of apathy, nor the invigorating balm of sleep, but seemed rather a privation of motion, than an exemption from pain. For the cold sweat that bedewed his forehead, the fre-

quent quiverings of the lip, the fixed and vacant stare, and the spasmodic catching of the nerves, indicated the excess of mental agony, which he either concealed through the dread of detection, or wanted the ability to disclose.

Such a scene was entirely novel to our hero, and while he contemplated it with an eye of anguish, he trembled to penetrate the dreadful mystery. As for Godfrey, he was far more conversant with the vices of mankind, and knew that neither their ways were ways of pleasantness, nor their paths were those of peace. He was besides thoroughly acquainted with the loose principles of Bolling, and had secretly resolved to break off all further intimacy with him, and his wild associates. Being convinced that he was capable of sacrificing the happiness of thousands to selfish gratifications, and knowing him to be a perfect adept in the modern sciences of egotism and irreligion, he could scarcely

doubt the cause of his disorder, and anxiously watched for the result, desirous of seeing what effect so tremendous a scene would produce on the untainted mind of his young friend.

For several hours Bolling continued to dose in the same restless state ; but as the effect of the opiate was gradually exhausted, he grew more agitated, and unquiet. He struck his head. He clasped his hands. His bosom beat with convulsive throbbings. At length, starting from his pillow, he fell on his knees, as in the act of praying. Yet he had hardly pronounced a few incoherent words than throwing himself again with violence on the bed, and clenching his fist, he exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair, “ It will not do !—I am too lost to pray !”

Every fibre in Theodore’s heart now thrilled with horror. For his ideas of the divine mercy were unbounded, nor could he figure to himself a situation, in which a truly penitent soul could hesitate to im-

plore forgiveness. With trembling step he approached the bed, and leaning over Bolling with a look of the gentlest compassion, softly whispered, "Do not, I conjure you, repress an impulse of such virtuous tendency. Infinite is the goodness of the Creator, and to pardon, his distinctive attribute."

He paused, in expectation of a reply, but instead of pouring forth the effusions of a contrite heart, Bolling turned away his head in sullen silence. Theodore mistook the motive, and imputing it to want of proper confidence, continued thus.

"I am young, it is true, and unacquainted with the world, but let not that be a reason for rejecting my advice; for many are the opportunities I have met with for improvement, and none have I wilfully neglected."

Again he stopped, and receiving no answer, proceeded thus:

“ It is not by gloomy despondency, or a stubborn rejection of the divine grace, that we can hope for pardon, but by an humble confession of our transgressions, and the pious resolution to reform.”

“ Preach not to me !” cried Bolling, starting in a wild transport. “ Preach not to me, I tell thee. It is finished. Irretrievably fixed. The measure of my damnation is full !”

“ Oh words of horror !” exclaimed the trembling youth, “ of madness ! of despair !”

“ Yes, madness and despair are mine !” cried he, tearing his hair, “ my right, my heritage ! ha ! ha ! ha ! this is my throne (*seating himself on the bolster*) and here I reign vicegerent of the arch-fiend.”

“ Peace,” whispered Godfrey, “ you only irritate him.”

“ Peace,” repeated the wretched maniac, “ there is no peace for me ! the murderer finds not peace. Blood cries

for blood!—Powers of vengeance, ye now are satisfied!”

“He raves,” said Theodore in a low voice. “For God forbid that so horrid an accusation should prove true!”

“Yes,” cried Bolling, catching at his words, “glaring as the mid-day sun. Did I not kill her? fiend, devil, that I am! drive her by my cruelty to destruction?—Plunge her deep into the abyss of woe!—there!—there she stands! upbraiding me with my treachery.—Frown not so fiercely on me.—I own myself a monster.—A moment more.—I do conjure thee, yet a moment stay!—O God! she hears me not! She is relentless—She lifts her hand—She strikes!”—

With these words he fell senseless on the floor, and was with difficulty carried into his bed again, by the united efforts of his two attendants. The delirium increased with an alarming violence, and during the remainder of the night, he continued raving in the same incoherent

manner; now attempting to pray, now uttering the most shocking imprecations on himself, his companions, and all mankind.

The physician came early according to his promise, and perceiving that there was no prospect of a speedy amendment, he insisted that Godfrey and Theodore should return to Ingolstadt, as soon as a professional nurse could be procured.

Let us now hasten to close this frightful scene, by informing the reader that Bolling gradually recovered, and being at length permitted to go out, appeared once more publicly in the world; but finding himself universally shunned by all his former acquaintance, he suddenly departed, and nobody deigning to make inquiries after him, his destiny is utterly unknown.

## CHAP. VII.

---

A discovery.

---

THOUGH Theodore hitherto had been frustrated in his attempts to find out the beautiful incognita, yet his passion was far from abating, and he frequented every place, where he had the smallest chance of meeting her. Many days, however, elapsed in fruitless researches, till one morning, as he was returning from college, he saw her enter a handsome house, belonging to Baron Spiegel.

Delighted with this discovery the hurried home, resolving henceforth to chuse that identical street for his daily walk. This plan was accordingly put into execution, and every morning he would



saunter for hours before the elegant mansion in question, never passing it without casting his eyes towards the windows, in hopes of beholding its lovely mistress. Yet day after day fled rapidly away, and no divinity appeared.

Discontented with himself, and all the world, he once more attempted to combat the violence of his passion, representing it as contrary to the duties of a profession, to which it was still his ambition to belong; yet all his endeavors proved ineffectual, every thought and action being still subservient to the tyrannical empire of love. Poetry now became his favourite study, and he would celebrate the arched eye-brow, and dimpled cheek of his mistress, with all the tedious constancy of Petrarch, though in numbers less harmonious than his. The following stanzas will serve as a specimen of his poetical talents; but what is more important, they will display his

feelings in colors more striking than the most elaborate description could do.

Why crimson's the blush on my cheek ?

Why glistens the tear in my eye ?

Why feel I what words cannot speak ?

Or why thus incessantly sigh ?

Say, why pensive I tread the gay mead,

Where lately I tript it so free ?

Why the landscape no longer I heed,

Which once prov'd so charming to me ?

With indifference now I behold

The friend I so valued before,

My prayers too grow languid and cold,

My Maker I think of no more.

Oh say is it love's guilty flame

That thus can enervate my soul ?

Then teach me my heart to reclaim,

And free me from passions controul !

Such were his occupations, and such the state of his mind, when he again met the unknown fair, and having followed her at some little distance, saw her enter the door of *hoffrath* Greiffenberg's house.

“Heaven!” cried he, “can this be the beautiful Leonora, whose praises I have so repeatedly heard from Godfrey’s tongue? Were she to prove the daughter of that proud and ambitious man, what hope would remain for me? without rank or fortune to recommend me, my prospect would be cheerless indeed.”

These melancholy reflections were interrupted by Godfrey’s voice, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and called to him from his window to come in.

“Look there!” cried he, as Theodore entered, “and thank your propitious stars, which indulge you with a sight of the angelic Leonora. As she throws aside her veil,” continued he, in the same style of rapture, “what beauties blaze in bright effulgence! Is there on earth a man who can behold unmoved those auburn tresses, that dark, expressive eye, that Grecian forehead, that nose so exquisitely proportioned, or those

coral lips which open to disclose a set of teeth more white than pearl ?”

“ The description is poetical,” said Theodore, endeavoring to conceal his emotion, and half in doubt whether his friend was really serious, or had penetrated his secret, and was merely hoaxing him.

Godfrey, however, was too much engaged with the scene before him, to waste a thought on any other object. “ Such charms,” cried he in ecstasy, “ would animate the coldest marble, or force the anchorite to abandon his cell. It was by copying such an exquisite model, that Praxiteles produced the celebrated statue which the world will never cease to admire, so long as taste and genius have claims to applause. From her Raffael would have been proud to borrow the simple graces of his Madonnas, and Titian himself would have improved in coloring had he been blest with a sight of the lovely Leonora.”

Had our hero possessed only a few particles of that most useful quality, which is vulgarly denominated penetration, and which is far more serviceable in the common occurrences of social life than all the high-flown sciences collectively taken, he would instantly have perceived that he had a rival in Godfrey. But that being an acquirement in which he was mightily deficient, he felt mortified and abashed at being thus made the butt of ridicule. With hasty step he traversed the room, uncertain how to begin, yet eager to ask a thousand questions. At length, however, he stammered out, "she is the handsomest woman I ever saw."

"The expression is cold," returned Godfrey, "but so must every expression prove, that attempts to delineate her perfections. For she is one of those transcendent beings who soar above the reach of praise, and I never speak of her myself

without experiencing more and more the poverty of language."

" Indeed," replied Theodore, after some hesitation, " there is no appearance of poverty in your language."

" I have known her," proceeded Godfrey, scarcely attending to what he said, " for upwards of two years, and never have I been in her company without discovering something new to admire, either in her person, her character, or her conversation."

Theodore was silent, for he had gradually approached the other window, from whence he enjoyed an uninterrupted view of Leonora, who had now seated herself at her *piano*, and touched it with such consummate skill that our hero's soul was enchanted. For the street being narrow, and the windows open, he could distinctly hear every note.

" How divinely she plays !" cried he, conscious neither of what he said, nor of the tone in which he said it.

“ This is nothing,” returned his friend. “ To judge of the effect that beauty and harmony can produce, you must see her playing on the harp. But that is a pleasure you may possibly enjoy ere long, as she frequently performs at her father’s concerts.”

“ Where ?” inquired Theodore, eagerly.

“ The *hoffrath* gives weekly concerts during the winter,” continued Godfrey, “ to which many of the students are invited.”

*Theodore.*—“ Is it easy to gain admission ?”

*Godfrey.*—“ Nothing more easy, especially for such a musician as you are. Steinfeld and I hardly ever miss.”

*Theodore.*—“ The old man appears excessively proud.”

*Godfrey.*—“ Not Lucifer more so. His vanity, however, hurts no one except himself, and serves to render his parties more brilliant and expensive.”

At this moment a young man entered Leonora's room, and upon approaching her abruptly, she ceased to play."—"That," resumed Godfrey, "is one of the most insufferable coxcombs I ever beheld. He is the *hoffrath's* youngest son, and inherits all his father's ostentation and conceit. Among other instances of folly, he believes nothing so irresistible as his broad, unmeaning face, and fancies every woman he speaks to, is dying for love. To see him in perfection, you should see him with his flute, upon which, by the way, he is a very moderate performer, though he reckons himself superior to Florio. To compleat his character, he is said to be hot-headed, imperious, and fond of money, though when he takes a liking to any one, he is capable of doing much to serve them. But what particularly renders him the object of my aversion is his brutality towards his sister, of whose talents and accomplishments he is jealous to excess. I have myself been



witness to several instances of this malevolent disposition, and am told that he is indefatigable in his endeavours to persuade his father to put his sister into a nunnery. Hitherto she has resisted with becoming spirit, counter-acting his designs by the assistance of her mother, who is one of the best of women, and values her daughter as she deserves."

*Theodore.*—"If you think so ill of her brother, why do you admit him into your society?"

*Godfrey.*—"Is there any thing a man will not submit to, in order to obtain the object of his fondest wishes?"

Theodore understood his meaning; but feeling no inclination to become the confidant of a passion which clashed so fatally with his own, he resolved to prevent all further disclosure, by asking some trifling question concerning another brother, whom he had occasionally met in the public walks.

Godfrey, who was master of every anecdote relative to the Greiffenberg family, proceeded to acquaint him, that George was of a reserved and quiet temper, unassuming in company, and living little in the world. But that his natural good qualities were totally obscured by the odious bigotry of his wife, by whom he was governed with despotic sway, and who affected the most rigid devotion as a covering for a thousand faults. “She is supposed,” added he, “to have obtained an absolute ascendancy over the *hoffrath*, which she exerts in supporting her favorite project of forcing Leonora to take the veil. In the usual cant of hypocrisy she is continually harping upon the merit of saving a soul; though no one doubts that it is the marriage portion alone which she is anxious to secure. By heaven! it drives me mad, when I reflect upon the persecution to which the lovely victim is exposed. Yet with all her angelic softness, she fortunately pos-

sesses a manly courage, which enables her to resist this formidable attack. Were I fortunate enough to gain her affections, I would bid defiance to them all; but, alas! no such happiness is reserved for me!"

A deep sigh burst from his heart as he ceased to speak, and throwing himself into a chair, he gave way to the most gloomy reflections; which Theodore perceiving, he instantly retired in silence.

---

## CHAP. VIII.

---

### An Invitation.

---

THE near connection of Leonora with a person, whose pride and insolence he had himself experienced, presented innumerable obstacles to our hero's mind;

and yet to relinquish every idea of seeing her again was a sacrifice to which he could not consent. Nor was he less at a loss by what means to procure an invitation to the approaching concerts, for conscious dignity absolutely forbade him to court the man, by whom he had been treated with so little civility. And though love might have got the better of pride, it could not get the better of timidity.

Besides he was far from being at ease with respect to Godfrey, whose attachment for Leonora excited his apprehensions, although it had hitherto proved unsuccessful.

“ If Godfrey,” said he, “ has sighed in vain, what hopes am I entitled to nourish ! For though he has been guilty of many excesses, they were the venial follies of a lively imagination, led astray by contagious example ; while every thing that is personal to him is greatly to his advantage. Though Leonora has hitherto appeared insensible to his merit, may not

this be merely a stratagem to ascertain his real character, and may she not conceal her sensibility, till she is assured that his reformation is sincere.

While his thoughts were thus engrossed with amorous cares, his studies of course grew remiss; or at least were pursued with no greater diligence than the rules of the university required. But from this torpid state he was roused by a letter from father Philip, who, after expressing the tenderest concern for his future welfare, inquired minutely into the progress he made, and whether he still persisted in his intention of embracing a monastic life. These questions seriously alarmed him, and compelled him to review his conduct with a scrutinizing eye. The examination, however, was far from proving satisfactory to a mind equally unaccustomed to palliate or to conceal its faults. It was true that he had performed all his professional duties with that mechanical exactness which exempts from

censure. But this was no arduous task, and was attainable by the most common capacity with only common application. He could not, however, hide from an upbraiding conscience that his imagination had been directed towards other objects, and those of a less innocent nature. The idea of a convent had seldom presented itself; or when it did, had been banished like an unwelcome guest. But the subject was now brought before him in colors too striking to be disregarded; and was accompanied by a mingled feeling of shame, contrition, and self-reproach.

“What!” cried he in a mental agony, “have I done! On what a precipice do I stand! To the service of the Almighty I consecrated my days. My vows are already plighted. They are enregistered in the chancery of heaven.—Yet still am I the slave of sense, the victim of pleasure, and the votary of a world I so repeatedly, so solemnly renounced.”

“ O God,” continued he, falling on his knees, “ accept the penitence of a contrite heart, and confirm its pious resolution ! the promise shall be ratified. The sacrifice shall be consummated.”

“ Yet what alas do I consent to ? O Leonora ! Leonora ! thy power is irresistible ! thy chains cannot be broken ! even religion itself must yield to thee. To give thee up, were death, despair, perdition.”

Such was the tumult of contending passions that distracted the mind of Theodore, as he read the exhortations of father Philip, and the more he considered the subject, the greater became his perplexity. That his father would never force his inclination he was perfectly assured ; yet the delicacy of his own feelings revolted at the idea of abandoning a plan, which had hitherto been attended with more expence than the family could prudently afford. At one moment he resolved to persevere with noble self-de-

votion, and avoid every occasion of meeting Leonora. Yet hardly was this determination embraced, than he began again to compromise with conscience, persuading himself, that there could be nothing really criminal to admire the Creator in his most perfect works. Alas ! poor Theodore, thy knowledge of human nature was confined indeed, or thou wouldest have known that there are certain situations, in which it is ruin to deliberate, and where the only security is in flight !

How long this combat between inclination and duty might have lasted, it is useless now to inquire ; suffice it to say, that at the important crisis when our hero was preparing to sing a *te deum*, an unexpected enemy appeared in the field, and turned the scale of battle against him. For just as he had decided that nothing could be so disgraceful as the giving way to inclination, when such important duties commanded him to resist,



a servant entered with an invitation from the *hoffrath* to his first musical party.

Theodore's eyes glistened with rapture as he looked at the card. He seized a pen, and was on the point of returning thanks, when a fresh scruple shot across his mind.

It was not the scruple of religion, for that was completely subdued. Yes, enthusiast as he was, a pagan divinity had routed all the fathers of the church. For what are homilies, or decretals, or councils, or popes, when opposed to the power of Cupid?—No, nor was it the effect of prudence, for that also is a monitor but little attended to, when beauty solicits with her syren smile.—But it was the work of pride. And pride, gentle reader, as you may have often experienced, is a most stubborn antagonist, frequently compelling you to do the very thing, at which inclination revolts the most.

“ Shall I,” cried Theodore, “ accept a favor from the man I despise ?”

Frederic, who was present, burst into a loud laugh. "This delicacy," said he, as soon as he could speak, "is the child of vanity, and will be productive of nothing but vexation of spirit. Depend upon it, that in our daily commerce with the world, we must either expose ourselves to continual mortifications, or condescend to take people as they are, without examining too minutely into their motives, when their actions are neither repugnant to our principles, nor hurtful to our interests."

How far Theodore became a convert to this system it is needless now to examine; for in the present instance, it coincided so exactly with his own wishes, that he took it up, as he might have done a new fashion, without allowing himself time to consider whether it was becoming, or not.

## CHAP. IX.

---

For trifles, light as air, are to the jealous mind  
Convictions strong as proofs of holy writ.

---

THE long expected day at length arrived, when Theodore, having dressed himself with more than usual care, accompanied Steinfeld to the concert. The *hoffrath* received him with great politeness, and presented him to his wife and daughter as the son of one of his oldest friends. By the good mother he was greeted with a smile, for her's was the hospitality of the heart, and consisted not in ceremonious speeches, but in the genuine effusions of a truly benevolent soul. Leonora, on her part, curtsied in silence, as to a perfect stranger, while the blushing

youth bent in adoration as he would have done at the shrine of a tutelary divinity.

Theodore was called upon to play, but was so confused and agitated, that he was incapable of executing a single note. Nor was his embarrassment lessened by the attention of Leonora, who sat near him, appearing to examine his performance with a critical ear. Yet notwithstanding the opportunity which he now enjoyed of contemplating her charms with uninterrupted delight, he felt happy when the music was over ; although his vanity was not a little piqued to find that in the distribution of parts for the ensuing week no one was allotted to him. This, however, was a slight consideration when compared with the prospect that opened before him. He had been received by every member of the Greiffenberg family with the most flattering marks of esteem ; and when he approached Leonora, he fancied that he traced a glance of satisfaction beaming from her

expressive eye, though concealed under the chilling forms of decorum.

When they returned home the amusements of the evening afforded ample materials for conversation. Frederic was warm and animated in Leonora's praise; Theodore, on the contrary, cold and reserved. So that the former might have been easily mistaken for one of her most devoted admirers, while the latter spoke with the indifference of a man, who had renounced the world and all its temptations.

"Madame Greiffenberg," said Steinfeld, "is one of the best of women; and it is a pity that she is so little sensible of her own merit, as she frequently sacrifices her opinions to those who are greatly her inferiors, both in the qualities of the understanding, and in those of the heart."

"Few characters," continued he, "are perfectly exempt from censure, and this excellent woman is accordingly accused

of being a devotee. But even supposing the charge to be founded, the error is at least a pardonable one, since it proceeds from motives, which every virtuous mind must respect. For in an age when infidelity grows daily more fashionable, and its impious missionaries are indefatigable in their endeavours to disseminate perdition throughout every class of society, it becomes the duty of all who are friends to religion, both by their precept and example, to counteract the deadly poison."

"Such an angel as this," thought our hero, "could never oppose her daughter's inclinations, should they be fixed on an object not wholly unworthy of her affections."

With this consolatory idea he retired to rest. Soft were his slumbers, and his dreams propitious, for the lovely form of Leonora was constantly present to his imagination. Waking or sleeping he equally beheld her. Even St. Francis

himself was forgotten, or if he occasionally obtruded himself, was driven away with as little ceremony as a beggarly capuchin would have been from a brilliant assembly of fashionable belles.

Every thought was now occupied with the anticipated delight of again beholding Leonora at another concert. The moment came. For however lovers may quarrel with the hours for the slowness of their progress, or criminals complain of the velocity with which they travel, when the period of their execution approaches, time bears a strong resemblance to a German postillion, and keeps on in a regular trot, without either mending or slackening his pace, though you curse and swear till you are hoarse.

Leonora sung.—It is fortunate for the reader that I possess not the talents of Petrarch, or by Jove! I would lay him asleep; aye, and as sound too, in spite of his pretensions to poetical taste, as I have seen many a good old lady at a

sermon, although she dined an hour sooner than usual, that she might be ready for evening service.

Leonora sung ; and as is generally the case with all handsome women, though they sing not a quarter so well, was universally applauded. This is perfectly in nature, you will say ; and is it not equally so, that she should be delighted with the plaudits so liberally bestowed ? or that Humphrey should envy her triumph ? He took up his flute, and proposed to accompany her in a second song, an offer she could not reject.

Humphrey, as was before mentioned, was by no means a capital performer, but he now played so much out of tune, that his sister, who could attribute it only to intentional error, shut her book with an evident expression of anger, and retired to a seat not far from Theodore's. Humphrey, who was one of those haughty characters, who never think themselves in the wrong ; or never, at least, deign



to allow it, followed her with the bitterest reproaches, accusing her of conceit, impertinence, and the premeditated design of injuring his reputation as a musician.

To this Leonora replied with composure, "that the insinuation was totally groundless, though it was exactly of a piece with his general behaviour, as no one was so apt to excuse his own faults, at the expence of others. But that she was persuaded the whole company would do her justice, for that it was impossible for any person, who was acquainted with them both, to be at a loss to decide which was most likely to be guided by envy."

There is nothing that men are so little inclined to bear as simple truths. The temper of Humphrey was naturally irritable, and he was on the point of breaking out, when his father stepped forward, imposing silence on his indignant son, in a tone that commanded respect.

Theodore, who overheard the whole

conversation, felt still more disgusted with Humphrey, and more delighted than ever with his sister. As he was this time only a simple spectator, he had ample leisure to watch Leonora, and he beheld with secret delight that she appeared perfectly indifferent to Godfrey's attentions. But with Steinfeld she conversed in a tone of animation, which our hero did not wholly approve. While he played, she was all attention; when he ceased, she was all applause.

What an inscrutable passion is jealousy! how secret its attacks! how rapid its progress! how destructive its effects! The affections of Frederic were already engaged. His honor was plighted. His principles were proof against every temptation. This Theodore knew, and was so fully persuaded of his friend's integrity, that he would not have hesitated to defend it at the expence of his life. Yet when he saw him conversing with Leonora with that graceful vivacity, which constitutes

the great charm of society, a sentiment of uneasiness stole into his mind, which it was not in his power to repress; and though he felt the injustice of his suspicions, he was totally unable to overcome them.

During supper the events of the evening were successively discussed. Frederic agreed with him entirely in his abuse of Humphrey; but in doing so, he expressed an interest for Leonora's welfare, which Theodore did not hear with indifference. But when he was informed by Steinfeld that a *traineau* party was arranged for the ensuing week, which was to conclude with a dance, and that the beautiful Leonora was already engaged to his friend, he turned pale, complained of a sudden giddiness, and quitted the room in disorder.

Frederic was forcibly struck with the oddness of his behaviour, though he knew not to what motive to impute it. For though he already suspected his in-

clination for Leonora, it was impossible that he could attribute his present uneasiness to the baneful workings of jealousy. Hence his surprize increased, when upon renewing the subject the following day, he found Theodore resolved not to join the party, though he proposed to him to drive a very handsome girl, who was the intimate friend of Leonora.

From this moment Theodore avoided all further explanations with Frederic, confining himself entirely to his room, under pretext of a feverish cold. He neither ate, drank, nor slept; yet when urged by his friend to consult a physician, he answered peevishly, that he was not ill enough to stand in need of advice. "It is for the rich and happy," he would add, "to be careful of their health. Those favorites of Fortune have every thing to lose. But what has life in store for me, that I should dread to part with?"

The fatal morning came, and no sooner had Steinfeld quitted the house,

than our hero gave way to his affliction. At first he resolved not to look out as the sledges passed. But inclination again got the better of pride, though by way of compromise the former consented that the shutters should be nearly closed. This point being adjusted, Theodore took his stand at the window, leaving scarce a crevice to peep through ; but when he heard the bells at a distance, he could not resist the temptation of allowing himself a little more space to examine the beauties of nature, as he should have time enough, he thought, to exclude the light before the *traineaus* arrived. While he was thus reasoning with himself, he ventured gradually to gaze around with greater freedom, till his body was half out of the window. At this unfortunate moment Leonora appeared, and as she glided rapidly along, she cast up her eyes, caught a glimpse of the disconsolate youth as he drew back his head, and nodded to him

with an encouraging smile, which at any other time he would have valued beyond all the treasures of the earth. But her eyes had now lost their magic, and he replied with a distant salute, scarce less cold and chilling than the elustering isicles, pendent in transparent lustre from every surrounding tree.

No sooner was the procession out of sight, than Theodore quitted his retreat ; for he was in that state of mental agitation, when it is painful to the body to repose, but when it seeks relief from a quick, and mechanical motion of the feet. With precipitate steps he wandered through the fields, now stumbling over the broken fragments of a rock, now sinking into a deep ditch, which was obscured by the drifted snow. Insensible alike to cold and hunger he strolled along the bleak and barren hills, till the shades of evening, and the goatherd's horn, announced the hour of retreat. Scarcely conscious that he did so, he

turned instinctively towards the town, and as he entered the gate, the *traincaus* overtook him.

“ I hope,” cried Frederic, as they galloped by,” that you have had a pleasant walk.”

“ We shall meet at the ball,” rejoined his fair companion. Theodore bowed with distant civility, for he mistook the language of his friend for that of a triumphant rival ; and thought that Leonora invited him only to become a witness of her conquest.

What a night did poor Theodore pass ! He took up a book, and laid it down again without reading a single line. Went to the window, then into the street. Approached the house where the dancers were assembled, and the instant that he heard the sound of music, hurried back with accelerated pace. He threw himself upon the bed, but in vain he courted sleep, for his mind was all turbulent confusion. His troubled fancy represented the

happy Steinfeld softly pressing the hand of Leonora, while he gently whispered vows of eternal constancy. Upon her dimpled cheek he traced the smile of approbation, that inviting smile which almost excused and justified every breach of faith.

In this feverish state of anxiety he remained till he heard the house door open, and Frederic ascend the stairs. The pleasures of the evening were terminated, and he felt an ungenerous gratification at the thought. For so unaccountable is the structure of the human mind, and so imperfect are the sources from whence our felicity springs, that there are moments in the existence even of the least frail of mankind, when they derive a base enjoyment from the conviction, that many may be found among the devoted children of calamity, more weak, and more wretched than themselves.



## CHAP. X.



In which the reader becomes more intimately acquainted with Godfrey.



THE open countenance of Frederic, the unreserved freedom with which he mentioned the adventures of the preceding day, but above all a kind message which he brought from Leonora, served entirely to dispel the groundless suspicions which tortured our hero's breast; and he now accused himself of acting with ungenerous reserve towards the best and noblest of men.

"O Leonora!" cried he, in the bitterness of grief, "how is it possible that the purest flame, which ever warmed a mortal bosom, should thus degrade me?"

vilify my nature ! pervert my feelings ! and shut my heart against the claims of friendship ! If such be the effect of love upon a mind untainted by the seductions of vice, how fatal must it prove in the corrupted soil of licentious pleasure, when the passions, unrestrained by moral ties, give way to every looser inclination, and welcome ruin with unbridled appetite !”

But it is far from my intention to follow the enthusiastic youth through all the turns and windings of contending principles. For, as the reader must already have experienced to his cost, he had an insatiable taste for soliloquising ; and to judge from the impression which many soliloquies have made on me, I shrewdly suspects that the reader is already beginning to yawn. Which, *entre nous*, is no flattering compliment to an author, who has but just begun the tenth chapter of his third volume, and cannot possibly conclude the story in less than four. But as dissertations serve no better pur-

pose than to swell out books to an unnecessary size, I shall leave our hero to soliloquize till he grows weary of talking, and then conduct him to Godfrey's lodgings, where Frederic and he had promised to call.

For some days previous to this visit, Godfrey had complained of being unwell, and appeared less cheerful than usual. He himself, indeed, treated his complaint in no serious light, though his friends were alarmed at the rapid change which every day produced, and earnestly conjured him to take proper advice. They now found him leaning on a table in a pensive attitude, with a letter open before him; and scarce were they seated, when, pointing to it, he exclaimed, in the plaintive tone of despair, "Behold the sentence of my fate!"

Affected at the strong expression of sorrow visible in every feature, they anxiously inquired into the cause.

"Alas!" replied Godfrey, "I have

been deceiving myself! A fatal error has misled me! I trusted to the feelings of a father; and I find, to my sorrow, that I have no longer a father."

"Is he then dead?" asked Theodore.

"To me he is so," answered the afflicted youth, "though not to the world. This discovery overwhelms me with affliction, and deprives me of the power of reflection. On you, my friends, I must therefore rely for advice. Listen to me attentively, and then give me your opinion with that unreserved freedom which our intimacy entitles me to expect."

Having promised to speak their sentiments without disguise, Godfrey continued thus,

"I believe I have already told you, that the period allotted for my residence here, expired about the time of Theodore's arrival. Under various pretexts I have hitherto found means to prolong my stay, for although I am fatally convinced that my passion is hopeless, I

cannot summon resolution to tear myself from the spot where Leonora inhabits. My father has repeatedly urged me to return home, but then he has always done it in terms of forbearance, appearing rather to desire my pleasure, than to be angry at my delay. This day's post, however, has brought me an order, conveyed in terms too peremptory to be opposed. After telling me that he is acquainted with the motives of my disobedience, he threatens not only to withdraw my allowance, but even to disinherit me, if I do not instantly comply."

"You now are acquainted with my distress, and I leave you to determine upon my conduct. Unfortunately it is in my father's power to execute his menace, as scarce any part of his fortune is entailed. Yet in conforming to his wishes, I sacrifice every prospect of future comfort; for there is no happiness in this world for me unconnected with Leonora."

He stopped, in expectation of a reply, but a melancholy pause ensued, as both his friends were equally prevented by their feelings from speaking. "I understand you," resumed Godfrey, with a deep sigh. "Your silence tells me that it is in vain to resist. Nay, I am myself convinced that it is so, yet I feel unable to submit. Dreadful as it is to incur a parent's malediction, I still am fettered by a magic spell, which neither reason, interest, nor duty, can surmount."

Every argument that sympathy could suggest was ineffectually urged to mitigate his grief, and reconcile him to his cruel destiny. But these had all been previously suggested by his own understanding, without producing the smallest effect.

"Alas!" cried he, with a convulsive groan, "you can form no adequate idea of the violence of the flame that consumes me. It rages here (*laying his hand on his breast*) with unconquerable

fury.—Yet happily such a state of suffering cannot continue long. This mortal frame is unequal to the conflict.

*Steinfeld.*—“ Be more composed, I conjure you. This agitation must be highly prejudicial in your present state of weakness.”

*Godfrey (striking his forehead.)*—“ Would then that it never ceased! For it is in the grave alone that I can look for peace.”

*Theodore.*—“ Let me intreat you to reflect, my dear friend, that to throw away life by voluntary negligence is a species of suicide ; and that it is our duty to remain at our allotted post, till released by the bounty of providence.”

*Godfrey.*—“ No one can be more strongly impressed with that conviction than myself, or I should already have ceased to suffer. Suicide is a subject on which I have seriously reflected, and in spite of the eloquent sophistry of Rousseau, I can affirm with truth, that my princi-

ples are those of a christian. Nay further, I do not hesitate to confess, that even when I examine the question in the exact point of view in which a pagan sage would have beheld it, I can hardly persuade myself to honor any man with the appellation of hero, who shrinks from the miseries of life. To terminate a painful existence with a pistol, is an action which requires no great exertion of courage, but to struggle against adversity with dignity and resignation, is the noblest effort of magnanimity."

*Steinfeld.*—"This declaration affords me infinite satisfaction, as judging from some opinions which you have occasionally delivered, I feared you were a convert to the modern school."

*Godfrey.*—"I will not conceal from you, that I have read many of the French philosophers with delight; for there is a charm in their style which sweetens the poison they intill. But their tenets are those of madmen, and should they ever



succeed in establishing their pernicious theory, every bond of social life must be rent asunder, and man reduced—not to a state of primitive simplicity, as the philosopher of Geneva pretends—but to a state of moral depravity, from which nothing but anarchy can arise. Hence I see, with the bitterest regret, that the mania of impiety is spreading rapidly among our own countrymen.”

*Steinfeld.*—“ That indeed affords a gloomy prospect to the rising generation ; for when Gallic infidelity shall be engrafted on the wild and eccentric genius of Germany, there is nothing too monstrous for it to produce. Our nation seems intended for laborious study, critical disquisitions, and deep scientific inquiry. With faculties thus organised, truth alone should be the object of our research, and we ought to follow her by the plainest road. To jest and caper upon the stage of science may suit the temper of a people, who love, like

bees, to sip the sweets of knowledge from every odoriferous plant. But our literary attainments are the result of patient study, and many a sleepless night; and if we are absurd enough to affect a character that is totally inconsistent with our own, we shall appear to the world under a form no less eccentric than that of a dancing elephant, or a gothic cathedral degraded into a modern ball room."

*Godfrey.*—"This turn of conversation is extremely amusing; yet alas! it cannot efface the impression of grief, although it has imperceptibly led me away from the only object deserving my serious attention. You accuse me of yielding with too much facility to the blow which levels me to the ground. But is it my fault if my constitution sinks beneath the trial? As well might I be censured for not possessing the strength of a giant, or the swiftness of a horse. Heaven knows the conflicts I have endured, and alone can judge how far I

have acted inconsistently with manly fortitude. Mine, my friends, is a proud heart, and was never designed to be a slave. No, from the very moment that I was convinced of Leonora's indifference, I exerted all the energies of my mind; and resolved to forget her, when I found it impossible to conquer her aversion. Alas! it could not be! for her image is so closely interwoven with the threads of life, that I must part with both together."

*Steinfeld.*—"It is unnecessary at this time to talk of a separation, since you are by no means in a condition to undertake a journey at this inclement season. Your father must be informed of your situation."

*Godfrey.*—"Nothing that I can urge will convince him."

*Steinfeld.*—"Would my writing to him be of use?"

*Godfrey.*—"Prejudiced as he is against me, I fear it would have little effect."

*Steinfeld.*—"Were I to see him, per-

haps it might be better ; and if you think so, I will make the attempt. It is true, I am not personally acquainted with him, but to the name of Steinfeld he cannot possibly be a stranger.”

“ Will you, my excellent friend, undertake the commission ? ” said Godfrey eagerly, while a faint gleam of hope lighted up his emaciated countenance. “ It will be an act of charity, for which providence, I trust, will reward you.”

Frederic confirmed the offer, engaging to set out early the next morning. This assurance restored a transient calm to the desponding bosom of Godfrey, and he now conversed upon various topics with apparent gaiety, though he was evidently under the influence of bodily pain, and complained of an inward parching heat. His friends felt seriously alarmed, and and pressed him to send for a physician ; but he treated their apprehensions lightly, spoke in terms of ridicule of the science of medicine, as well as of it's

professors, and, when unable any longer to withstand their joint intreaties, he replied, in the beautiful language of Macbeth,

Can they then minister to a mind diseased ?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ?  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the distemper'd heart ?

---

## CHAP. XI.

---

Containing sundry hints respecting education.

---

No sooner had Theodore seen Steinfeld depart, than he hastened to his sick friend, whom he found materially worse. With him he remained the whole day, conversing about Leonora ; a subject which was equally interesting to both, though by no means calculated to mitigate

the disorder which preyed on the mind of Godfrey. On the contrary, it probably fomented the evil, as his fever gradually augmented, and was attended with a slight delirium. These paroxysms, however, were of short duration, and between the fits he talked with evident delight of his approaching dissolution.

Theodore expressed much satisfaction at the serenity of mind which his friend displayed; for these sentiments were perfectly in unison with his own. With unaffected simplicity he congratulated Godfrey, who replied in the following words.

“ At this awful moment, when the scene of life is closing fast, it is indeed the purest source of consolation to my afflicted heart, to reflect that I have been preserved, by the mercy of providence, till I had abandoned the licentious course of vice. Before I became acquainted with Leonora, I was an idle, dissipated fellow, and connected only with those of a similar description——But, in order

to give you a clearer idea of my past mis-conduct, it is requisite that you should be made acquainted with some particulars previous to my arrival at Ingoldstadt."

"I came here totally ignorant of the world; for although I had passed some years in a seminary, the instructions which I received were calculated rather to obscure my understanding, than to enlighten it."

"You are not, I believe, sufficiently acquainted with the system pursued by the Jesuits, to comprehend the principles upon which they act; nor have I strength at present to explain them. Suffice it then to say, that they are uniformly directed by a spirit of ambition, which aims at establishing an uncontrouled dominion over the minds of men. To the attainment of this purpose, they sacrifice every other consideration. Religion in their hands is an all-powerful engine, which assumes every possible shape, and whose ties are either strengthened, or relaxed,

just as the interests of the order may require. When a youth is placed under their tuition, they explore all the recesses of his mind, in order to ascertain with precision whether he is destined by superior genius for the highest attainments of science, or degraded by superstition into the ready instrument of every crime. The instruction which he receives is regulated accordingly, and the novice is thus prepared either for the chair of philosophy, the cabinet of princes, or the crown of martyrdom."

"The judgment passed upon my intellects was probably no flattering one, since scarce any books were put into my hands, except those which treated on theological subjects. The greater part of the day was consumed in prayer. For weeks together I was confined to a cell, with no company besides a crucifix, a death's head, and a breviary. I was thus accustomed to regard religion as a laborious duty, fit only for a slave ; for it



was accompanied by no ideas but those of poverty, penance, and privation. As I grew older, however, I had occasion to remark that the restraints I was subject to were far from being general, and that many of the students were permitted indulgences, of which I was cruelly deprived. Nay more, I perceived that my tutor himself was far from adhering scrupulously to the rigid precepts which he so strenuously inculcated. This discovery served gradually to open my eyes ; but the light which flashed upon me was a deceitful one, and contributed to increase the obscurity, instead of dispelling it. For I no sooner found that piety was assumed by hypocrisy, as a cloak for vice, than I began to consider all its duties as unimportant, and thought the prohibitions it imposed to be useless restrictions, to which bigotry and ignorance alone submitted, but which were rejected with contempt by enlightened minds. I had no longer any wish but to escape from my

prism, and to associate with those happy beings, who were allowed to revel in the pleasures of the world."

"The change that had taken place in my ideas did not escape the vigilant eye of my tutor, and as he was now convinced that I was no longer a proper tool for cunning to work on, he ceased to oppose my inclinations. Hitherto he had assured my father that I had a particular vocation for a monastic life, and had almost extorted his consent. His letters, however, gradually assumed a different tone ; he acknowledged that he had drawn an erroneous conclusion with respect to my future destination, but that he preferred ingenuously confessing his error, while it was yet time to correct it, rather than force my inclinations to embrace a profession for which I evinced so little taste."

"My family, who had never approved the plan, were delighted to hear that I had abandoned it ; and being now designed for an active station, I was sent to this

university. Upon my arrival here, I was in ecstasies at the liberty which I enjoyed ; for I had now an opportunity of realizing all my dreams of bliss. To retrieve the time that I had already lost was the sole object of my study, and conceiving liberty and libertinism to be synonymous terms, and to consist in the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, I associated with the most idle and dissipated of my fellow-students. My companions laughed at every thing serious, ridiculing alike all moral obligations, and the most serious duties of religion. Without deigning to reflect on the consequences, we followed the bent of our own inclinations, and if an unwelcome scruple accidentally arose, it was instantly drowned in a bottle of Champagne."

" Such a system of life was equally prejudicial to health and virtue. I have suffered severely for my misconduct, and look back on my past extravagance with the bitterest regret. One consolation,

however, remains, and a blessed one it is ; for among the numerous crimes with which conscience upbraids me, I can reflect with satisfaction that I was never guilty of seducing innocence, nor ever stained my sword with human blood. This, however, I attribute to the especial favor of providence ; since my ungovernable temper, when heated with wine, was capable of every excess.”

“ Such were my habits during the two first years of my residence at Ingolstadt, and I was rapidly sinking into the lowest and most degrading profligacy, when I accidentally met Leonora. To see, and to adore her, was the impulse of a moment ; though at first I did not venture to encounter the vivid glance of her eye, lest she should read in mine the depravity of my heart. This sentiment of humiliation was decisive ; I resolved to forsake the path of immorality, that I might render myself less undeserving of her favor. From that fortunate

moment I lost all relish for my former associates. Their boisterous mirth disgusted me; their immoral conversation excited my aversion; their licentious tenets grew abhorrent to my soul."

"In vain they laughed at my conversion, and called forth all the powers of ridicule to reclaim me. All they said was unavailing; for they, and their satire, were equally the objects of my contempt. During several months I secluded myself entirely from society, regretting the time that had been so inconsiderately lavished in dissipation; and ardently striving, by unremitting application, to recover the loss."

"To attain to the perfections of her whom I adored, was a blessing too great to expect; for I felt an inward conviction that her immaculate soul could never sympathize with a mind contaminated by sensual gratification, and the unrestrained indulgence of every grosser appetite. Yet from the hour when I first began to

love, all my thoughts and actions assumed a different hue ; for her image, like that of the divinity, was not formed to inhabit the dwelling of pollution."

" Not long after this salutary change I met Leonora at church. Till then I had never witnessed so imposing a scene. With rapturous surprize I gazed on the lovely enthusiast, while she knelt before the shrine of her patron saint. The celestial fervor displayed in every feature animated my soul with the exalted wish of imitating her transcendent virtues. For the first time for many months I fell on my knees, imploring heaven, with a truly penitent heart, to confirm this pious resolution, and to give me grace to persevere in my amended course. This prayer was accepted. The balm of comfort was instantly instilled into my breast, and I seemed to myself to enter, like a regenerated being, on a new career.

" From that instant my reformation was effected. I threw aside all the scep-

tical writings, which I formerly admired, to apply myself with diligence to the study of the holy scriptures. From them I learned to limit my desires, to bridle the impetuosity of my temper, and to reduce my passions under the controul of reason."

"With the consciousness of growing better arose the hope of obtaining Leonora's hand. At her father's concerts I found frequent opportunities of conversing with her. There is an affability in her manner which may be easily mistaken for a softer sentiment. I was the victim of vanity, and fondly believed that the smile of benevolence was the unerring index of a growing inclination. Too soon, alas! I discovered my mistake, and was fatally convinced that I could never hope to inspire a feeling more tender than that of compassion. Indeed various circumstances concurred to prove that she was no stranger to my past misconduct; and that knowledge, I fear, has excluded

me for ever from her heart. Although I sink under the rigor of this decision, I dare not accuse her of injustice, for to be rejected by virtue is a punishment at which vice cannot reasonably repine."

" You now, my friend, are acquainted with all the events of my life. Let this confession serve as a monitor for yourself. You are young, and inexperienced. Your heart is uncorrupted, your principles are untainted, your character is unimpeached. But you are totally a stranger to the world, and know not the seducing forms which pleasure can assume when decorated with the magic colors of fashion and refinement."

" Believe me, Theodore, I speak not the language of despondency ; nor are mine the admonitions which sickness inspires in the hour of despair. It is the lesson of experience that I am desirous to inculcate ; of experience purchased by the sacrifice of health, and at the expence of every earthly blessing. In the short



space of a few years I have passed through every vicissitude of opinion which the human mind can embrace, from the extremes of bigotry to the extremes of scepticism. From being accustomed to credit every thing with slavish credulity, I arrived at that wretched state of intellectual derangement, in which the understanding rejects all religious tenets from the dreadful apprehension of discovering them to be true. At length the mist was dissipated; the truths of christianity flashed upon my mind with resistless conviction; they have proved my consolation and support under every calamity; they will strengthen and comfort me in the hour of death."

Godfrey was much exhausted by the effort he had made; for though his narrative was frequently suspended, and continued at those intervals only when conversation was least painful to him, yet it awakened recollections of so distressing a nature, that he felt the greatest

want of rest. Theodore therefore persuaded him to endeavor to compose himself to sleep, and promised not to quit the room till he should wake.

---

---

## CHAP. XII.

---

Which is one of the longest in the whole book.

---

WHILE Godfrey rather dosed than slept, Theodore gave way to his lively imagination, and retracing in idea the occupations of his youth, felt grateful to providence for having placed him in a situation so different from that of his dying friend.

“ Had I been exposed to the same temptations,” said he, “ like him I might have yielded and been undone. Ill

therefore does it become the frailty of man to boast of superior virtue, since his moral conduct more frequently depends upon extraneous chances, which he has not the ability to controul, than on the superiority of his intellectual faculties, or the energetic powers of his mind. In affluent circumstances many a person enjoys the reputation of unblemished probity, who would not withstand the fiery ordeal of poverty and distress. The occupations of active life leave little leisure for seduction ; hence among the industrious class of artisans, there is comparatively less corruption, less venality, and less profligacy, than in those exalted stations where wealth affords more ample means of gratification, and the want of useful employment induces the mind to fly to dissipation, as its only resource."

Theodore was in a humor to soliloquize, and the subject was sufficiently exuberant to have supplied materials for many a volume ; but luckily for the rea-

der his meditations were interrupted by the softest strains. He ran to the window, and to his inexpressible delight caught a glimpse of Leonora, singing to her harp. She had chosen a melancholy ballad, and the narrowness of the street allowed him to hear almost every word. It was the confession of a secret flame, poured forth by the timidity of maiden love to the unconscious moon. The moon shone bright; the night was still; and Theodore was entranced in rapture. In sweet oblivion of all terrestrial cares, he listened with mute attention, till by a pardonable concatenation of ideas, he was led, amid the tumultuous conflict of doubts and expectations, to indulge the audacious hope, that he was himself the fortunate swain to whom these sweet effusions of tenderness were addressed. The thought was ecstasy. To be beloved by Leonora; to be the chosen object of her secret thoughts; to receive from her lovely mouth the unquestionable assurance of

unsolicited partiality—not all the joys of paradise, perfect as they appeared to his exalted fancy, presented images of such refined felicity.

The music ceased; yet still its modulated cadence vibrated on the ear of Theodore, penetrating his soul with ineffable delight. For some moments he remained motionless at his post, in expectation of her continuing to play; and his heart beat with anguish when he saw her rise from her chair, take a waxen taper in her hand, and quit the room.

The dream of enchantment was over, and every idea underwent a sudden revolution, when turning round he beheld Godfrey sitting up in his bed, with the strongest appearance of a delirium. Stepping gently towards him, he inquired affectionately if he wanted any thing, when Godfrey darting forward with convulsive impetuosity seized him by the throat, exclaiming wildly, “you shall not keep me from her! Leonora! idol of my soul!

we will not separate. I will exterminate the wretch who shall oppose our union."

The frantic violence with which he spoke, the terrific fierceness of his starting eye, joined to the energetic violence of the attack, astonished Theodore to such a degree, that trembling at every joint, he called vociferously for aid. His loud and repeated cries brought the people of the house into the room, with whose assistance the delirious youth was forced again into bed. The paroxysm, however, continued for some hours with unabating fury. A white froth issued from his mouth and nostrils. He tore his hair. He beat his breast. He laughed. He wept. He taxed Leonora with ingratitude. He upbraided his father with cruelty. Till worn out with exertion, exhausted nature could no longer support the effort, and he sunk senseless on his pillow.

In this state he remained, with little variation, till the physician came, who

was so sensibly struck at the rapid progress of the malady, that he entertained little hope of a recovery. He, however, ordered a plentiful bleeding, applied cataplasms to the patient's feet, and desired that he might be kept as quiet as possible.

Theodore was so deeply affected with the sufferings of his friend, that he resolved not to quit him for an instant. This determination was the result of philanthropy, though a disciple of La Rochefaucault would probably have ascribed it to a less disinterested motive, had he known that Leonora was so near a neighbor. But in the present corrupt state of human nature, we are of opinion that all which the most rigid moralist can require of a fellow creature is to act an honest part. To scrutinize the motives from whence his actions proceed, is the office of a higher tribunal.

For several hours Godfrey lay tolerably quiet; but towards night his slumbers

were disturbed by convulsive catchings. He started frequently, groaned deeply, as if from violent pain, and waking at length with a shrill scream, tore the bandage off his arm. The surgeon was immediately sent for, but before he came, the patient had fainted through loss of blood, and even when he recovered, felt so low, that he was hardly able to speak.

Theodore never quitted his bed-side, and read to him select passages from the Messiah, of which Godfrey was particularly fond. The episode of Semida he could never hear without emotion, and it now spoke to his feelings with redoubled force.

“Blessed!” cried he, clasping his hands. “Blessed is the man who could thus describe a virtuous passion! Yet still more blessed are they, whose minds are pure enough to taste the beauties of those transcendant lines!”

The reflections of the poet gave a more



melancholy shade to his ideas, and gradually led to the contemplation of his approaching dissolution. He felt convinced that the scene was rapidly closing, and looked forward with calm composure to that momentous hour.

“ Short is the space,” said he, with a tranquil smile, “ that I have yet to linger in this vale of tears. Short too has been my pilgrimage, and for the most part obscured with clouds. But a cheering ray beams on my latest hour, presenting to my delighted imagination the well-founded hope of an existence more happy than the present.”

He now requested that a priest might attend him, for although he was perfectly satisfied that no offering could be so acceptable to heaven, as that of a truly penitent heart, he was unwilling to omit a ceremony which the church so positively enjoins. Theodore, who was present at the solemn service, was equally

delighted and edified by the piety of his dying friend.

“ I have now,” said he, “ settled all accounts with the world, and shall soon be enabled to decide that important question, which not only puzzled the imperfect wisdom of the pagan sages, but on which Christian divines have so widely differed, viz. the condition of the soul, when first it separates from the body.” “ Though I am a firm believer,” he continued with increasing energy, “ in all the truths of the gospel, I could never bring my mind to receive, with equal confidence, the decrees of councils, or the edicts of popes. Hence the doctrine of purgatory presents to my understanding no satisfactory solution. In the works of an all-perfect creator I look for perfection attainable by the simplest means ; and whatsoever deviates from that leading principle, appears to me unworthy of its almighty author.”

Godfrey would willingly have continued, but was prevented by weakness; his strength hourly declined, and much of his time was now spent in a state of torpid insensibility, that might easily have been mistaken for sleep. When able to speak, he conversed on various topics, expressed great uneasiness at leaving the world without receiving his father's blessing, inquiring frequently if Steinfeld was returned.

Finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he took Theodore by the hand, and addressed him in a low and solemn voice.

“ I flattered myself that my father would have no sooner been made acquainted with the real state of my health, than the feelings of a parent would have prevailed; and led him to impart to his dying son one kind, conciliatory embrace. But alas! I am deceived, by trusting too much to a sentiment which my faults and absence have effaced. Yet surely when

he reflects that we are about to part—to part for ever—he will not refuse to see me. Yes, my heart convinces me, that the solicitations of Steinfeld must ultimately prevail, though he may possibly arrive too late too soothe my tortured bosom with his paternal blessing.”

“ If so, my valuable friend, I intreat you to assure him of my duty.—Tell him that I die with a grateful remembrance of his former kindness; and that I am far from complaining of the alteration which has lately taken place in his behaviour towards me, since I am conscious of having forfeited all claim to his affection by my own misconduct. You will also relate to him the sad story of my hopeless passion. Tell him, that to my attachment for Leonora he owes the reformation of his son. It was love alone that purified my heart, and reduced my rebellious senses under the dominion of reason. Persuade him that in remaining here, in contradiction to his orders, I was not actuated

by a principle of disobedience, but that the rapid progress of my disorder rendered it impossible for me to obey. From you, my dear Theodore, let him hear how much I suffered, and the patience with which I endured my trials. Yet add, for it will afford some consolation to his bleeding bosom, that I do not repine at my destiny, for since the heart of Leonora rejects me, I have nothing to wish for but death."

The compassionate soul of Theodore was so deeply affected with the resignation and filial piety of his friend that he could not refrain from tears. For some minutes he was unable to reply; but when he recovered the power of utterance, he promised, in the most solemn manner, to conform implicitly to every injunction.

He was here interrupted by a loud noise on the stairs, accompanied by a rough voice, vociferating, in an angry tone, "By God he shall find that I am not so easily imposed on. Aye, aye, we

shall soon see whether he is ill or not; and if he has been playing the fool with me, I'll be d—d if he does not repent it as long as he lives."

"My father!" cried Godfrey, falling back on the pillow, and covering himself with the sheet.

The door flew open, and a tall, bony, hard-featured man rushed into the room, followed by Steinfeld, who vainly endeavoured to moderate his impetuosity. Hastily he drew back the curtain, and seizing his son by the shoulder, turned him round with a sudden jerk. But no sooner did he behold the pale and emaciated countenance of the dying youth, than he started back with a ghastly expression of horror, and clasping his hands, became motionless with grief. Recovering himself by degrees, he cast his eyes on Theodore, and then again on Godfrey, as if unwilling to believe his senses, till no longer able to cherish one consolatory

doubt, he exclaimed in the anguish of his heart,

“ Must I then lose my child ? Speak to me, Charles ! my dearest Charles, speak to your afflicted father, and say that you forgive him ! ”

Godfrey, whose drooping spirits were overcome by the violence of his father's address, revived at these expressions of returning tenderness, and opening his languid eye, gazed on him with a look in which gratitude and affection were strongly painted. He would fain have spoken, but his faltering tongue refused to utter an articulate sound. He therefore stretched out his hand in token of reconciliation, breathed a deep sigh, and sinking gently on his pillow, closed his eyes for ever.

Frantic with despair, the wretched father struck his forehead, then raised his eyes to heaven, and with a bitter groan exclaimed, “ Inhuman monster ! what will now become of me ! ”

He paused an instant ; for his voice was choaked with grief, and then leaning over the body of his son, resumed,

“ Often has thy angel mother foretold the fatal consequences that would ensue.—But I was deaf to all she said ; hurried on by my stubborn temper, and destined never to perceive my error, till I had plunged you both into the grave!—Accursed obstinacy ! Her prediction is fulfilled ! Yes, it was I who killed him ! killed him in the very prime of youth ! by my inhuman usage killed him !”

Again his sorrows forced him to desist. Seating himself on the bed, he took the icy hand of Godfrey in his own ; felt for his pulse ; and finding that it no longer beat, he started up, and wildly cried,

“ Send for a physician ! send for all the physicians in the town ! I care not what it costs ! Send for them all !”—Covering his face with both his hands, and placing his elbows on his knees, he neither spoke, nor moved. Frederic and



Theodore considered him in mute attention, nor ventured to disturb his meditations by irksome questions.

Again he rose, and looking earnestly at Theodore, said, "Thy countenance, young man, bespeaks a compassionate heart. Thou wert the friend and companion of my poor son! and hast humanely attended him to the last."

Theodore bowed assent.

"If so, thou hast fulfilled an office, which it was a parent's duty to perform. But Charles, alas! had no parent left—had none but a stranger to close his eyes.—Tell me then, young man, with what temper he bore my unkindness—do not hide from me the minutest circumstance—no, if he cursed me with his latest breath, declare it freely, for I have deserved his abhorrence by my neglect: "

"God forbid!" replied Theodore with his accustomed mildness, "that he should not have died in perfect charity with all mankind. Indeed, sir, you are little ac-

quainted with the excellent qualities of your son, if you suppose him capable of descending into the grave with any sentiments except those of universal love. Had he possessed an enemy in the world, he would have pardoned him from his very soul, and prayed to heaven to forgive him too. But for you, sir, he constantly expressed the tenderest gratitude and affection."

" Say no more !" cried the disconsolate father, striking his forehead with his fist, " say no more. I could have borne his resentment, borne his hatred, but this angelic goodness overcomes me quite.—O God ! O God !" continued he, walking about the room in violent agitation, " where will this misery end ? The son and mother both destroyed !—myself their murderer !—O Charles, Charles ! (*throwing himself upon the lifeless body*) if thou hast already joined thy sainted mother, accuse me not too harshly ; but rather listen to the dictates of thy

innate benevolence, and plead the cause of thy wretched, deluded father!—If I may believe thy friend, thy latter days were virtuous, and thy spirit already affociates with the just. There let it intercede for me, for I have much offended, and have need of pardon.—In this world, alas! I have nothing now to hope for. The prop and comfort of my declining years is torn away—laid prostrate in the dust.

Hiding his face with his hands, he leaned against the wall in an agony of grief, but recovering himself a little, and turning towards Frederic and Theodore, who stood weeping by his side, he thus resumed,

“ You are both in the prime of youth, and as yet untainted by the pollution of vice. Let my misfortunes therefore teach you the danger of yielding to an unlawful passion. An arful woman has undone me!—ruined my peace of mind for ever—and plunged me deep in

the abyss of woe. By her insinuations and caresses she stole away my heart.—Perdition seize her! she represented the actions of my son in a suspicious light, and engaged me to treat him with a severity repugnant to my nature.—My eyes are now opened.—I perceive my error—but alas! it is too late—I have lost my son—the support of my family—the heir of my fortune.”—

“ You said, young man, that he forgave me before he died. Confirm that precious assurance, for it is the only consolation left me.—His mother too blessed me before she quitted the world.—But will heaven accept the prayer? will it pardon a sinner like me? for weighty, and numberless are my transgressions.”

The entrance of a stranger compelled him to break off. It was the physician who attended Godfrey, and who had been summoned in haste at the moment of his death. As he stood by the bed, old Godfrey examined his countenance with

a mingled expression of hope and apprehension; for although every symptom too plainly indicated that mortal aid could no longer avail, yet till the fatal sentence was professionally pronounced, the feelings of the father were still alive to hope.

The doctor read his sentiments in his face; cast his eyes on the deceased, shook his head, and quitted the room in silence. No sooner had he left it, than old Godfrey threw himself into an armed chair, and wept aloud. These tears relieved him.

“ You have proved yourself a real friend to my poor son,” he said, addressing himself to Steinfeld, “ have pity too upon his father’s pangs, and extend your generosity beyond this transitory life. Alas! I feel totally incapable of making the necessary preparations for his funeral.”—He hesitated, his voice faltered; when Frederic humanely interrupted him by declaring, “ that he would

readily undertake the painful office, and pay this last tribute to the memory of an ever valued friend."

The old man thanked him repeatedly, and signified his intention of watching himself by the body. For three days and nights he did not move from the chamber, never speaking to any body except to Theodore, or Steinfeld, and scarcely allowing himself to be prevailed on to swallow the smallest sustenance. But when either of his son's friends were present, he conversed with them on the only subject that occupied his thoughts, and listened with streaming eyes, while they related every particular of Godfrey's life, exactly, as they had heard it from himself.

"Alas!" cried he, with a deep sigh, "every circumstance of this melancholy story serves to augment my affliction. I suspected the good youth of forming connections of a different kind, for how should I believe a son of mine to be

capable of indulging so romantic a passion. Would to heaven that he had opened his heart to me ! all might then have ended well. For if the lady had consented, I should not, I am sure, have opposed their union."

" Do not," said Frederic, " give way to an error, which can tend only to increase your affliction. Leonora's heart was engaged, and I have this very morning been told that she is on the point of marrying the object of her affections.

This information struck Theodore with dismay. He turned pale, walked hastily out of the room to conceal his emotion, and when he arrived at his own lodgings, threw himself on the bed, and giving way to the gloomiest reflections, composed the following lines on Godfrey's death.

Oh that I with thee could slumber  
In the silent seat of rest !  
Since with tears my days I number,  
Peace a stranger to my breast.

O'er my head the storm impending  
Calmer skies I seek in vain,  
While thy spirit light ascending,  
Finds a dwelling free from pain.

Blest is he, whose term completed,  
Meets repose within the grave,  
When the snares of vice defeated,  
Man no more is passion's slave.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



## BOOK SIXTH.

## CHAPTER I.



Which would have done as well in any other place.



IN the beginning of the second book, I promised the reader a chapter on dissertations and episodes; but some how, or other, I have never yet found time to fulfil the engagement. This, however, is a leizure moment. No important matter presses on me, and I will accordingly set about it immediately.

*Nemo omnibus horis sapit* is an old adage, the truth of which few authors will dispute. The man of science, and the man of wit, and the man who has neither science nor wit, all experience, though in different degrees, the influence of the weather, and are equally exposed to in-

digestions and migranes. So that the writer, who persists in scribbling *invité Minerva*, might full as well occupy himself in drawing straws, blowing bladders, or what is just as nugatory, in devising plans for the liquidation of the national debt. The human machine is at best a crazy one, and as liable to stoppages and derangements as any machine whatever. In youth and health it moves glibly on, without oiling, cleaning, or winding up, but like most other pieces of mechanism it grows gradually worse for wear, and the more it is used the worse it becomes.

Yet this wretched compound of weakness and meanness, of folly and frailty, has as many whims and fancies, as if it were in reality what it so ostentatiously calls itself, THE MIGHTY LORD OF THE CREATION. It is proud, and ambitious, captious and capricious, and the lord knows what. Offend it, and it will assemble its fleets and armies, sack, burn,

and destroy whatever comes in its way, and returning home, caper and prance in all the pomp of triumph, as if it had actually achieved some supernatural feat. Surrounded by a venal croud of poets and historians, it swells, like the frog in the fable, at the contemplation of its own immortality, assumes all the attributes of a divinity, and little is wanting to make it erect temples to its own insignificance, and believe itself seriously to be a God.—Alas! poor mortality!

Thus much for digressions, of which I hope to have given the reader a satisfactory specimen. At all events however let him not pass a hasty judgment, and condemn the thing, because the execution is bungling.

It is much the same with an episode. Whenever it affords amusement, or instruction it is certainly entitled to praise. For so incalculable are the evils of human life, that moroseness alone can reject the trifle, which contributes to enliven the

gloomy scene, or softens the ferocity of the human heart by a fictitious tale of woe.

The man who writes by the rule and compass may possibly escape professional censure, or may even attain to a subordinate rank among the classical authors of the day. But to the character of genius he must give up every pretension. A reader possessing real taste will prefer a single page, where the genuine feelings of the heart are boldly delineated in the unsophisticated language of nature, to all the laborious dullness of modern affectation, though pompously decorated with the appellation of *sentiment* in the fashionable idiom of the times. It is for this reason, that Sterne will be always read and admired, while most of the productions of the German press sleep neglected on the dusty shelf.

Having said thus much on the subject of episodes, I shall add a few words respecting the theatre. If you consult :

French critic, he will instantly descant on the necessity of conforming to a critical code, which was established above twenty centuries ago, by a celebrated philosopher of Greece. Should you object, as you probably will, that the manners and customs, as well as the scenic representations of the country in which Aristotle lived, were totally different from our own; that their theatres were capacious enough to contain many thousand spectators, and that the stage represented a public square, where all the *dramatis personæ* might assemble without any gross violation of probability, he would laugh at your ignorance. But should the latent seeds of ancient good-breeding prevent him from insulting you by the smile of superiority, he would undoubtedly insist that the above mentioned regulations are of such infinite consequence, that they amply compensate for every incongruity, and that whosoever presumes, in the plenitude of genius, to deviate from the

track which Aristotle has prescribed, is no better than a barbarian, or a Shakespeare. In his opinion, it is far less absurd to assemble kings, and conspirators in the same room, and that the most public one in the whole palace, and to make one talk of abdication, the others of assassination, without the smallest apprehension of a discovery, than to transport those illustrious personages from one house to another, that they may debate in private on subjects which are calculated only for confidential conversation.

The same enlightened critic would recommend to you also to incur the risk of making an audience yawn through five insipid acts, composed according to the languid regularity of the Aristotelian school, to the monstrous impropriety of introducing a subordinate plot, to give life and animation to the spiritless drama. But should any child of genius presume to follow the bold path which nature

pointed out to our immortal bard, a *senatus consultum* would instantly proscribe the daring effort, as contrary to the true principles of classical taste, established by the united suffrage of ancient and *modern* Athens.

It is needless, however, to pursue a subject which has been so ably treated by the learned editor of Shakespeare. For what have we to do with the opinions of a people who were designed by nature to be slaves, and who will infallibly continue so, under every form of government, which folly or fickleness may establish.

In taste, as well as in politics, they are alike incapable of throwing off the shackles of tyranny, and asserting the dignity of man. Nay, such is their reverence for despotic power, that one is almost tempted to suspect that their admiration for the preceptor of Alexander arises entirely from the same source, and that they respect him for no reason so much as be-

cause of all who ever swayed the sceptre of criticism, he is the most decided foe to literary freedom.

---

## CHAP. II.

A confidence.

GODFREY's funeral was numerously attended. His father, who walked as chief mourner, was supported by Steinfeld and Theodore, yet so deep was his affliction, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to perform this pious office towards his wretched son. A croud of students followed, bearing testimony to the many amiable qualities of the deceased in the artless language of the heart. But no one appeared more absorbed in grief than Theodore. For he not only regretted



a friend, whose virtues he highly prized, but was deeply affected with the similarity of their fate. Though obscured with clouds and tempests from its earliest dawn, the turbid scene had now closed on Godfrey, and he and his sorrows were at rest. Not so his own. His future prospects were still enveloped in impenetrable darkness, through which no cheering ray beamed auspiciously.

The report of Leonora's intended marriage he firmly believed, and when he accidentally met her a few days after Godfrey's death, he attributed the uncommon gaiety of her behavior to the approaching change in her situation. Indeed, so fully was he persuaded of the fact, that he hourly expected to be informed of the fatal day, which must for ever separate him from the idol of his affections. Yet still he ventured not to make further inquiries, either through the apprehension of betraying his secret, or the dread of hearing it confirmed.

Theodore's disposition, though uncommonly amiable, was calculated rather to promote the happiness of others than his own. An uncommon degree of timidity led him always to suspect the worst, and if among the various chances which Fortune presented, one only appeared in his disfavor, to that alone he looked for completion, convinced that in the fluctuating scene of life, the genius of evil most commonly prevails.

Prepossessed as he now was that Leonora was destined to another, all her words and actions were misinterpreted. In vain a smile of preference illuminated her bewitching countenance, while she conversed with him at her father's concert, for by him it was mistaken for the smile of affability, which innate benevolence prompted her to dispense with undistinguishing kindness to all who approached her. Her attentions too, though they penetrated to his heart, served rather to embitter the wound than to heal it. At

her particular request, he accompanied her, when she sang, but this also he imputed to accident. Their kindred souls melted in a stream of sweetest harmony; yet the tender expression of sensibility which marked her delivery of the pathetic strains, seemed to him no more than the triumph of art, and as such alone he admired it.

When the music ceased, Leonora found an opportunity to mention Godfrey, of whom she spoke with feeling and esteem. Nor was Theodore able to stifle a sigh, when he secretly reflected that an opportunity might soon occur for her offering a similar tribute to his own memory.

Frederic, who watched him attentively during the whole evening, no longer doubted his attachment, and determined to seize the earliest occasion to ascertain the truth of his suspicions. The first time they were alone, he accordingly turned the conversation on the charms of Leonora, com-

mending her in the warmest terms of admiration.

Theodore, who could not yet prevail on himself to open his heart, replied with affected indifference. His commendations, when extorted by repeated encomiums, were cold and languid, and such only as a rival beauty could not have refused.

Perceiving that nothing could be gained on his reserve, Frederic, looking steadfastly at him, said, with a sarcastic smile, "You a more of a stoic than I imagined."

The manner in which these words were delivered entirely disconcerted our hero, who finding himself detected was utterly unable to reply.

"What! silent my friend?" continued Steinfeld, laughing; "I expected you to glory in your insensibility, which is the characteristic virtue of a monk."

"Insensibility!" stammered Theodore. "Indeed I do not comprehend you."

*Frederic.*—"Poor Theodore! you would understand me well enough, if you chose it. But you are a man of discretion I perceive, and have your secrets as well as other people."

Theodore remained silent, for in truth he knew not what to answer.

*Frederic.*—"To be serious, Theodore, I have for some time suspected the motive of your dejection."

*Theodore.*—"Dejection!"

*Frederic.*—"Towards you I have invariably acted with candor and openness, and think myself entitled to some degree of confidence. But there is no accounting for the conduct of lovers."

Theodore made no reply.

*Frederic.*—"Do not, however, imagine that I am desirous of extorting from you a confession, which you are unwilling to make. Yet, if my suspicions are founded, it might be in my power to render you essential service."

Again he paused, but as Theodore still hesitated, he thus resumed.

“ This caution, my dear Theodore, can avail no longer. Your attachment to Leonora is no secret to me, and will shortly cease to be so to any one.”

Blushing to find himself thus unexpectedly discovered, Theodore threw himself on Steinfeld's neck, sobbing out in accents which were scarcely articulate—

“ I no longer attempt to conceal my weakness, for reserve is unpardonable towards such a friend as you are. Indeed, indeed, it has cost me much to disguise my sentiments till now. A thousand times I have been on the point of revealing to you the real state of my heart, yet at the very instant when I was preparing to speak, a something, that I cannot express, tied my tongue. You, Frederic, who are acquainted with the timidity which is inseparable from real love, may find in your own breast my most powerful advocate.”

*Frederic.*—"No excuse, my dear Theodore, is any longer necessary; though I will frankly own, that I was a little hurt at your want of confidence. But it is now over, and we will think no more of what is past. For so long as your silence did not proceed from diminished regard, I can have no reason to complain."

Delighted, as every virtuous mind must feel, in the consciousness of acting right, Theodore now related to his friend many particulars with which the reader is already acquainted, and which upon that account we shall pass over in silence.

Nor was it a trifling consolation to him to depose his sorrows in the sympathising bosom of a friend, and to have that friend not only approve his choice, but even flatter him with the hope of not being indifferent to Leonora. Yet however great the satisfaction he felt at this pleasing assurance, the natural timidity of his disposition induced him to lean towards the opposite extreme, and though his fears

about her marriage were entirely removed, they were replaced by apprehensions of a different nature, yet scarce less acute than the former.

Frederic now intreated him to make Theresa acquainted with his attachment, as he knew how much she would rejoice at an event, which appeared likely to reverse all his former plans, and to attach him once more to the world. In this, however, he could not succeed, as Theodore insisted that, for the present at least, his sentiments might remain the profoundest secret, both to her and to all mankind.



## CHAP. III.

---

The balance turns in favor of hope.

---

FREDERIC, who already suspected Leonora's partiality towards Theodore, determined to watch her closely, and the more attentive he became to her behavior, the greater reason he discovered to confirm this idea. The result of these observations was communicated to his friend, whom he strongly exhorted to seize the first opportunity of disclosing his passion to Leonora.

Theodore at first was delighted with this advice, and promised to put it in practice ; but when he began seriously to consider the difficulty of the undertaking,

his resolution failed him. To tell a woman to her face that he loved her, and one too whom he tenderly loved, was an effort too great for his courage. Let me, however, recommend to the reader not to deride his weakness, for it was in truth a most amiable one, and to ridicule it would betray a want of sentiment which no man of feeling would avow. On the contrary, let him candidly consult his heart, and endeavor to recollect what his own sensations were, when first he yielded to the power of love, and if he does not discover something similar to what Theodore experienced, to me he will appear an object of pity, whatever he may think of himself.

The frost set in with a plentiful fall of snow, a party in *traineaus* was proposed, and our hero received the distinguished honor of becoming the charioteer of Leonora. Yet as no human bliss is free from alloy, his joy was greatly diminished by the apprehension of a sudden thaw, which

would at once defeat this charming project. Twenty times a day he consulted the barometer, or examined the weather-cock, and the sky, when if the quicksilver fell, the wind veered, or a cloud was seen in the horizon, he was as much terrified as the most timorous merchant could have been, when he hears that the convoy, with which his vessels sailed, is pursued by a hostile fleet.

Fortune, however, was this time propitious to the fondest wishes of love. The happy morning dawned, and the rising sun glittered in bright effulgence on the dazzling snow. The sledges came, and Theodore with palpitating bosom drove to Leonora's door. As he entered the room, where the family were breakfasting, his emotion was so great, that he could hardly stammer out an awkward compliment to the ladies. But they welcomed him with such a look of cordiality, that he soon recovered from his embar-

rassment, and gave his hand to Leonora with tolerable composure.

In none of the books in which our hero was versed, had he ever met with a situation in any way similar to his own, and he accordingly felt more at a loss how to begin the conversation, than he would have been to deliver a Latin oration before all the professors in Germany. In the whole course of his life he had never been equally perplexed, for though the moment was arrived which he so ardently sought after, he was totally unable to take advantage of his good fortune ; and to explain his sentiments to Leonora. To speak of his passion was impossible, and he thought it ill-bred to be silent. What then could he do ? No interesting subject occurred ; or rather no subject but one was interesting to him, and on that he could not venture to open his lips. In this sad dilemma he had recourse to all those hackneyed topics which timidity so

profusely employs. "He was glad that the day proved fine. He was afraid she suffered from the cold. He advised her to put on an additional tippet. He was sorry that she had so bad a charioteer." But alas! these are subjects which are quickly exhausted, as Theodore found to his cost. Conscious too of the awkward figure that he made, he every instant grew more embarrassed, for though his bosom swelled with tenderness, and his heart suggested the sweetest vows of unchangeable affection, every sentiment died abortive as it trembled on his disobedient tongue.

In this situation they reached a village where refreshments were prepared for the ladies. Theodore handed Leonora into the house, and felt as much relieved by the presence of his companions, as if he had been condemned to a *tête-a-tête* with the most amorous old maid in the universe.

A few glasses of excellent Rhenish

served to exhilarate his spirits, and he promised himself to be better company at his return. Of this fortunate change the lady had an early specimen, and one too which seemed not to displease her. For as she jumped lightly into the carriage, Theodore mustered courage to press her hand, but he did it with so much gentleness, that she either was insensible to the timid touch, or was far from offended at his presumption, since instead of a frown, which the blushing youth expected, he received a look so soft and bewitching, that nothing but marble could have resisted it.

The evening was serene and bright. Clothed in the white apparel of winter, the surrounding country glowed with a purple hue, as the setting sun illumined with its parting rays the majestic scenery. A thick forest of pines lay before them, whose dusky branches formed a pleasing contrast with the vivid coloring of nature.

Theodore gazed in extacy on this grand and animated landscape, and then turned with increasing rapture towards his lovely companion, whose expressive eyes sparkled with intelligence, and love. With an energy, to which he had hitherto been a stranger even in the boldest flights of enthusiastic fancy, he descanted in the warm language of genius on the romantic beauties of this animated picture, displaying all that exquisite sensibility, and nice discernment which formed the basis of his character. Leonora listened, and like Desdemona “with a greedy ear devoured his discourse,” while every word he uttered fascinated her senses, delighted her understanding, and confirmed the empire of love.

## CHAP. IV.

---

A Ball.

---

WHILE Leonora retired to dress, our hero gave way to all the raptures of a lover.

“How can I express to you, my generous friend,” said he to Frederic, “the gratitude I feel for the enchanting moments you have procured me. My happiness is too great for words to paint, since I have every reason to believe that the lovely Leonora returns my affection.”

“Why before this I hope she has told you so herself,” returned Steinfeld smiling, “or your time has been ill employed.”



“Told me so?” cried Theodore in rapture, “I could never have survived the ecstatic moment. To be beloved of Leonora is a consummation of bliss to which no mortal merit can aspire.”

*Frederic.*—“In that case, your’s is more than mortal, for if I am not strangely deceived she prefers you to all mankind; and will tell you so herself, if you will only allow her an opportunity of doing it.”

*Theodore.*—“But how, my dear Frederic, is this to be accomplished?”

*Frederic.*—“By the simplest of all methods, for you have nothing to do but to disclose your feelings to her.”

*Theodore.*—“Should she be offended at my boldness.”—

*Frederic.*—“Never fear. No woman was ever angry with a handsome young man for admiring her. If Leonora really loves you, as I am persuaded she does, she will be delighted with knowing that you feel for her a flame more ardent than

her own. Not that she entertains the smallest doubt about it, for this is a subject on which every female possesses so much penetration, that she frequently discovers the growing attachment of a man, even before he suspects it himself. Believe me, Theodore, this diffidence will ruin you, for in love, as well as in war, confidence goes a long way towards ensuring success."

Though Theodore had little faith in his own merit, he trusted implicitly to the superior judgement of his friend. The truth of this theory he therefore readily admitted, though, at the same time, he expressed many doubts respecting his own ability to put it in practice, concluding, however, with the assurance, that at all events he was resolved to make the experiment, whenever he could summon sufficient firmness for the trial.

They now hastened to the ball, where they arrived a few minutes before Leonora. As she walked up the room in all the

blaze of beauty, every eye was directed towards her, while a general murmur of admiration buzzed around. Even envy itself was silent. For so unconscious did she appear of her own superiority, and so generous was she in acknowledging the claims of rival charms, that interest for once united with gratitude in support of truth.

Scarce had she taken her seat, when our two friends approached her, the one with compliments, the other with blushes. Theodore was in ecstasy, and gazed on her with a sentiment of devotion more pure and animated than his enthusiast'soul had ever offered to his patron saint. But Frederic, though his feeling heart sympathised warmly in the happiness of his adopted brother, could not repress a sensation of envy, as he secretly compared his own sinister prospects with those of Theodore, and sighed out in an articulate whisper, "O God! that Theresa were here!"

Low as were the tones in which he breathed this prayer, it escaped not the notice of Leonora, who no sooner heard him, than she united heartily in the wish.

“Heavens !” cried Theodore in astonishment, “how came you acquainted with my sister ?”

“Are you then ignorant,” she replied, “that the baron has made me his confidante ? But as the subject has been thus introduced, allow me,” continued she, turning to Steinfeld, “to inquire if no favourable change has taken place since last we conversed together ?”

“Alas,” said he, with a deep sigh, “what change could I expect ?”

“Your situation is indeed a cruel one,” rejoined Leonora, “and I sincerely pity you both. Your sister, Mr. Rosenthal, must be a charming girl, and I wish I had so amiable a friend.”

“I think I may safely affirm,” replied our hero, with all the warmth of affec-

tion, "that she is not unworthy of your esteem; and to your compassion she is certainly entitled, since her attachment promises to make her wretched for life."

"Though I can point out no solid ground for consolation," resumed the lovely casuist, "I am far from viewing the subject in so unfavourable a light. Let the baron continue to act with firmness, and his perseverance must ultimately be crowned with success. For it is inconsistent with the bounty of providence to decree the misery of two beings, who are so deserving of its protection."

The music now struck up, and Frederic had scarce time to thank Leonora for her good opinion, when the dancing began.

Theodore's emotion was too great to be concealed as he offered his hand to Leonora, but by degrees he recovered

himself, and followed her light airy steps, with all the graceful agility of youth. Yet think not, gentle reader, that Leonora was one of those accomplished dancers whom thou art wont to admire at a fashionable ball. Her graces were those of nature; while her dress and attitudes, though highly becoming, were such as modesty could assume without a blush. She looked, indeed, like a divinity descended among mortals, but it was not such a divinity as thou hast frequently seen on the opera stage, for she no less disdained the meretricious airs of the theatre, than the profligacy which usually attends them.

As it was the custom to change partners at the end of every second dance, our hero's felicity was of short duration. To the delicious sensations which he experienced when honored with Leonora's hand, others succeeded of a very different cast. Her smiles, which till now had animated his breast with the most

exquisite delight, produced an opposite effect, when they sweetly beamed on another object, and he retired into a corner of the room with visible marks of discontent. Giving way to a train of melancholy ideas, somebody tapped him gently on the shoulder, when starting from his reverie, he beheld Leonora by his side.

“What tired already most doughty knight? For I have at last got rid of that tiresome man, and am come to challenge you for another dance.”

Theodore seized her proffered hand, and pressing it to his lips, led her instantly to her place. Insensible to every thing except the happiness of being together, they flew round the room like sylphs, scarcely touching the floor on which they trod, and while the rest of the company dropped off in pairs, they continued waltzing, till they were left alone. A general murmur of applause attracted the attention of Leonora, who

no sooner was aware of the impropriety she had committed, than she retreated hastily to her seat.

“It is a long time,” said Theodore, after a pause of deep reflection, and taking Leonora by the hand. “It is a long time that I have sought an opportunity.”—

The ice was broken, and he was swimming gently with the current, when one of his fellow students unexpectedly interrupted the conversation by taking out Leonora to dance.

What a cruel disappointment was this! he had hitherto been labouring in vain, and at the moment when he attained the arduous summit, his hopes were frustrated like those of Sisiphus, and the toil was again to commence.

Steinfeld, who perceived his distress, immediately seated himself in Leonora's place. “What's the matter, Theodore?” said he laughing, that you look like the knight of the woeful countenance; and



yet I can hardly persuade myself, that you have much cause to complain of your Dulcinea's severity."

"Alas!" answered Theodore, "I know not on what foundation your judgment rests, but for my own part, I am still a stranger to her sentiments,—

"And must remain so to all eternity, if you expect the declaration to come from her. Gallantry, I fear, is of all the sciences that which you understand the least. For if you knew half so much of *love*, as you do of *latin*, there would be no need to remind you of this."

Frederic now took him to the side-board, and pouring out a glass of Burgundy, "here," said he, "is to the beauty we adore."

Theodore made no objection, but looking tenderly at Leonora, drank it off, when they both returned to their corner, where being shortly joined by Leonora, who had now finished her dance, the conversation took a more general turn.

For Theodore, however desirous he might be of a *tête-a-tête* with the lady, was by no means sorry that the dreaded moment should be postponed by the presence of his friend. In the course of the evening, however, he ventured to inquire, if he might be permitted to visit her occasionally. To this she replied in the affirmative, obligingly adding, "How can you possibly doubt it, after the pressing invitations you have received?"

---

## CHAP. V.

---

### A Conversation.

---

THEODORE was so charmed with the adventures of the day, that he was unable to close his eyes. The music still sounded in his ear; still the lovely form

of Leonora floated before his eyes. Finding it impossible to sleep, he rose at an early hour, and hastened to Steinfeld's apartment, who congratulated him sincerely on his flattering prospects, as the sentiments of Leonora, he said, were no longer doubtful.

*Theodore.*—"I wish I was sure of that!"

*Frederic.*—"It depends only on you to be so. In the mean time, however, you may trust to me, for a bye-stander often sees most of the game."

*Theodore.*—"I fear you flatter me."

*Frederic.*—"Not in the least. But how can you expect to make any further progress, while there is so much coldness in your manner?"

*Theodore.*—"Coldness! the sun itself then is cold. It is true indeed, that I frequently am at a loss for words to paint my feelings. When alone, I have a thousand things to communicate, and could express them with all the fervid

eloquence of love. But the very instant I approach Leonora, my ideas grow confused, and I am lost in the contemplation of her transcendent charms, which blind and dazzle like the summer sun. Yesterday, for example, when seated by her side, I lost the fairest opportunity of declaring my passion. Yet it was not in my power to speak ; and though I twisted my thoughts into a thousand forms, every phrase appeared awkward, stiff, and inadequate to the sentiment I was desirous of expressing. Indeed, I fear, she must look on me as one of the dullest dogs in the universe."

*Frederic.*—" Judge not so harshly, my dear friend. To an indifferent spectator you might have appeared in a disadvantageous light, but in the eyes of his mistress the embarrassment of a lover will always meet with a ready excuse, because she will impute it to the fascinating powers of her own charms. Leonora's vanity—and where is the woman who is free from

vanity?—without doubt will attribute your silence to that timid admiration which is the unerring symptom of a first attachment; and persuade herself that language is too weak to paint the raptures of a heart which she has inflamed. This supposition is in some degree authorised by fact, as it often happens that those men who converse with the greatest eloquence on indifferent topics, are distressed for words, when their sensibility is roused by the more violent emotions of the soul.”

Theodore was a little consoled by the assurance that the wisest men often prove the most awkward lovers, and that folly and impudence will frequently succeed, when sense and feeling fail. It was, however, a part of his character to analyse every passion, so far at least as his enthusiastic temper would allow; though, like many philosophers, he was wont to attribute the good or bad qualities, which nature has implanted in the human breast,

to ambition, friendship, pride, piety, or love, in exact proportion as either of those passions happened to predominate in his own bosom, at the moment when the discussion took place. The beauty of Leonora was accordingly the actual source from whence every virtue sprung, as we may judge from the following discourse.

“ Since I have loved,” said he to Steinfeld, “ my character has undergone a total change ; and though I flatter myself that my disposition was never depraved, I plainly perceive that every sentiment is ennobled, and every feeling purified. Never did I behold the distresses of my fellow creatures with indifference, but they now excite a more tender sympathy than ever. My wishes to relieve them are strengthened ; my endeavours to serve them redouble. Thus I consider every child of sorrow in the light of a brother, and make his sufferings my own. The happiness of others constitutes an essen-

tial part of my own felicity, while every cloud that overshadows a human brow casts a transient shade over my own. Even my religious principles are improved.”—

(Poor Theodore ! he would have drawn a very different conclusion from the same premises, when he was studying the life of St. Francis !)

“ You may smile,” continued he, observing that his friend gave a reluctant assent to this last assertion, “ but the fact is precisely as I state it ; for my supplications are never addressed to heaven with so much fervor, as when I kneel by the side of Leonora. Love too, pervading with its electric fire every faculty of the soul, gives energy and animation to the whole machine ; awakening the higher attributes of our nature, and stimulating the mind in the pursuit of virtue.”

*Frederic.*—“ We here agree most perfectly, and I in consequence have often wondered at the absurdity of some moralists, for attempting to debase a passion

which, under the guidance of reason, is capable of producing such admirable effects. Love is vicious only when it is planted in a vitiated soil, but was certainly intended by the bounty of providence to scatter a few transient flowers in the thorny path of life."

"That the appellation of love is frequently misapplied as a cloak for the grossest and most sensual appetite, it is not easy to deny. But the same thing may be urged with respect to religion, which when prostituted by ambition, and interest, has deluged the world in blood."

This moral disquisition was interrupted by the entrance of a fellow student, who brought an account of the death of Godfrey's father, which was attended with the following circumstances. Upon his return home, he ordered his house-keeper to quit the house. Accustomed to rule with uncontrouled sway, she determined not to obey, and having tried ineffectually the influence of tears, she boldly



threw aside the mask, and braved her degraded lover with all the insolence of practised vice. The contest, which was long and violent, enflamed the irritable temper of old Godfrey to such a degree, that it accelerated the developeement of a fever, which he probably inhaled from the dying breath of his son. The fourth day he expired; but not till after he had learned that his mistress had decamped with all the money and plate she could collect.

Theodore expressed his surprize at the profligacy of human nature, and silently thanked his stars, that the object of his adoration was exempt from all the imperfections of her sex. Steinfeld's knowledge of the world led him on the contrary to draw a different conclusion, for he was aware that the woman, who sacrifices honor at the shrine of interest, is capable of every crime.

## CHAP. VI.

---

In which the prospect brightens.

---

THERE was a time when Theodore would have thought himself the most fortunate of men to have enjoyed the smallest share in Leonora's affections, but his ambition, as is generally the case with ambition of every kind, extended in proportion to the progress he made, and he now looked forward to the delightful hope of one day calling her his own. There were moments, however, in which fear prevailed, nor could he dispel the gloom which obscured his prospects, when he reflected that no attachment, however pure and ardent it might be,

could afford shelter from the winter blast, or procure food and raiment for a craving family. Nor could he conceal from himself that cold and hunger, despicable as such considerations may appear to the enthusiastic mind of a lover, are real calamities, which no blandishments can disguise, no transports efface. He recollected also that a celebrated wit of antiquity, who knew more of mankind than all the Franciscan friars collectively taken, had said with truth *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*, or in plain English, *Love starves in a cottage*.

Giving way to these disheartening ideas, and pacing his room with an irregular step, he broke out into the following soliloquy.

“ That she at present views me with a partial eye, I have the strongest reason to believe. Yet should some wealthier rival enter the lists, whom fortune favors with her choicest gifts, can I flatter myself that the contest will long continue

doubtful ? For what, alas ! have I to offer ? I who possess neither rank, nor riches, nor any other mark of worldly distinction ; for light indeed are the treasures of the heart when weighed against gold and titles. How then can I expect to be preferred, should some suitor present himself, recommended by an illustrious name, and who can oppose a splendid equipage, a numerous retinue, a magnificent house, and all the charms of elegance and dress, to the sighs and protestations of disinterested passion.”

It is impossible to deny that there was much truth in every thing that he said, and so he thought himself at the time. But alas ! how unstable are the sagest resolutions, when beauty forbids their completion ! One single smile from Leonora defeated the wisdom of many a pensive hour, dissipating every scruple with as much facility as the orient sun disperses the autumnal vapor from the alpine hills.

In such a state of uncertainty it would have been the part of discretion to avoid the danger, endeavoring by absence to conquer an inclination which seemed fraught with impending ruin. But we must recollect that our hero was in love, and it is ten to one that this circumstance alone will plead his excuse with all my female readers, for having discarded prudence with all her frowns and whispers, and salutary admonitions.

Besides, as every one knows, there are two systems of making war, which have been practised by celebrated commanders with nearly equal success. By the unexampled temerity of his plan, Hannibal was on the point of subjugating Rome, when Fabius saved it by his sagacity. The activity of the former was more analogous to the age and spirit of our hero, and he accordingly resolved to meet the danger face to face.

The apartment lately occupied by Godfrey was exactly opposite to Leonora's,

and it was from thence he resolved to commence his attack. Having communicated this project to Frederic, it was agreed that they should engage the vacant rooms, which being ready for their reception in a few days, Theodore placed his writing desk close to the window, and thought himself the happiest of mortals.

This event, which did not long escape Leonora's notice, excited her curiosity to such a degree, that she too never quitted the window, except when engaged in indispensable business, or in company with some of the family. There would she seat herself with her embroidery before her, and although she seldom moved from the spot, and appeared more occupied than ever, the work went as leisurely on, as if, like Penelope, she had effaced during the night, all she had done in the day.

“How supremely blest,” cried Theodore, as he beheld her selecting the variegated silks, or tracing the mazy pattern, “must that mortal prove, who can call

such an angel his ! Was ever being more formed by nature to alleviate the cares of life, or to scatter roses in its rugged path ? She, whose beauty might command universal homage, instead of indulging her vanity by the proffered incense, withdraws from public admiration, to exercise those humbler virtues, which duty imposes within the contracted sphere of domestic comfort. Heaven ! should I be destined to the possession of such an inestimable treasure, even the saints above must approve my choice."

"Theresa was right," said he, another day, "It is not in retirement alone that the pious soul can serve its maker. No, as social beings, we have to fulfil the duties of social life, and by exercising the virtues of benevolence and humanity in an active station, we may perhaps be full as useful to mankind, as if we had been immured for years in a solitary cloister, with nothing to employ us but fasting and prayer."

Though painting and music were Leonora's favorite amusements, she disdained not those of a less elevated cast. Theodore observed her one morning with a distaff in her hand, and instantly his favorite Homer occurred to his imagination. It was thus, he thought, that the daughters of kings were anciently educated. They never were above the humblest occupations, directing the shuttle with their royal fingers, or superintending the minutest details of domestic economy.

“ Since those innocent days of primitive simplicity,” said he, “ what a fatal change has been introduced in the habits and morals of the sex ! For how very few could now be found, even in the families of opulent tradesmen, who would not blush at undertaking those identical offices, which the Grecian princesses performed themselves with pride and pleasure.”

That the revolution of which he complained was striking, it would be the ex-



treme of folly to dispute ; yet we cannot so easily admit, that in the present state of society, it would be either an agreeable or an edifying spectacle, to see young ladies washing their own shifts, or knitting their own stockings, because the daughter of Alcinous did so before them. Every condition of life has its appropriate customs, and as well might we attempt to transport the lofty Alps to Richmond Green, as to persuade the polished inhabitants of Grosvenor-square to adopt the simplicity of Homeric manners.

Sensible, however, as our hero was to the alteration which had taken place in the manners of the world, he was totally blind with respect to that which he himself had undergone. There was a time, when he would have scorned to wear a smile on his countenance, to which his heart did not warmly assent. Yet he now began to calculate the benefit that might accrue from a closer intimacy with Leonora's brother, and to court the man whom he

secretly despised. Humphrey returned his civilities in the same fallacious coin, but his soul was too contracted for generous friendship, and his jealous temper beheld with envy the superior talents of Theodore.

The *hoffrath*, on the contrary, who had no pretensions to musical skill, grew every day more partial to a youth whose performance attracted universal applause ; and our hero availed himself of this fortunate circumstance to become more assiduous in his visits to Leonora. Every time they met, the progress which he made in her affections appeared rapidly to increase, yet he never found her alone ; and even if he had, it is more than probable, in spite of all previous resolutions, that timidity would have got the better of inclination.

Under this disappointment he endeavored to console himself by looking forward to the return of spring ; at which season he knew that she was accustomed

to take long and solitary walks in the adjacent meadows, and he flattered himself with the hope of being sometimes permitted to accompany her. A fortunate event, however, now happened to accelerate the wished for moment, as contrary to the predictions of almanack makers, and the fondest speculations of love, at the time when the nightingale was daily expected, the ground was suddenly covered with snow, and a *traineau* party arranged in consequence.

Theodore, who had again the happiness of driving Leonora, handed her into the carriage with a sentiment of security very different from that which he formerly felt. His conversation was animated, his behaviour easy, and he talked without the smallest constraint of the pleasure he experienced in her company. No formal declaration of love indeed was made; but when they arrived at the inn, they were no less convinced of each other's attachment,

than if a thousand protestations had been exchanged. A small collation was prepared, during which every thing that Leonora ate, was presented by the hand of Theodore, and tasted sweeter on that account.

The evening was one of the finest in the month of March. Gilded by the purple rays of the setting sun, the landscape flamed with animation; while a fire scarce less vivid flashed from the eyes of the enamored pair. With the tenderest expression of sensibility they pointed out to each other all the majestic beauties of the romantic scenery; and as the star of love first sparkled in the horizon, they viewed it with that lively sentiment of rapture, and devotion, which is due to the divinity who presides over the affections of the heart.

Giving way to an emotion too strong to be suppressed, "there are moments," said Leonora, "when our feelings grow purer from the surrounding objects; when

all selfish propensities are discarded from the enraptured bosom, and our souls expand in ineffable benevolence. Such are my sensations at the present moment. Were I possessed of sovereign power, this would be the proper time to apply for favors, for to behold a single countenance obscured with sorrow, when a smile of mine could dispel the cloud, would give a tint of melancholy to the enchanting scene; and throughout the happy circle, over which my influence extended, the heart of every animated being ought to beat in unison with my own. Would to heaven, Mr. Rosenthal, that your amiable sister were here, for I feel in all her concerns a warmer interest than I am able to express. She has a double claim to my sympathy, and I pity her for her own, as well as for her brother's sake."

"The character of my friend," replied Theodore, "renders me less uneasy on her account, than I should other-

wise feel. The soul of Frederic is the noblest compound of tenderness, honor, and generosity. The opposition of his family may retard their happiness, but no human authority can make him deviate from the path of rectitude."

"Fortunate Theresa!" exclaimed Leonora with a sigh, "thy constancy must be ultimately rewarded."

Theodore was unable to reply, but casting his eyes towards heaven with a rapturous expression of devotion, seemed inwardly to pray, that the reward of constancy might be extended equally to himself.

## CHAP. VII.

---

The ice is broken.

---

THEODORE no sooner found himself alone with Steinfeld, than pressing him in his arms, he exclaimed, "Was ever mortal so supremely blest! She must be mine! eternally, unchangeably mine! Her sentiments are no longer doubtful! Her eyes declare them in language more expressive than words!"

"What a day of ecstasy have I passed! a single hour of such celestial transport would amply compensate for years of anguish."

In this strain he would have run on till midnight, had he not been engaged to attend Leonora to the ball. The dancing had commenced before they entered, so

that they immediately joined the airy throng. At supper Leonora sat between her lover and Frederic. The latter appeared unusually dejected, and so totally insensible to the general mirth, that Leonora attempted to rouse him by introducing the name of Theresa. This, indeed, was a subject on which she always conversed with pleasure when our hero was present, because it afforded her an opportunity of declaring her own sentiments, and penetrating those of Theodore.

“ When you write to your sister,” said she, “ have the goodness to assure her, that she has a friend at Ingolstadt who participates sincerely in all her sufferings, and offers up the most fervent vows for her happiness.”

“ Can she avoid being happy ?” replied Theodore with warmth, “ when such an angel deigns to take an interest in her welfare.—But will not that compassionate heart,” continued he with emo-



tion, "extend its benevolence a little further? Or are all its feelings so entirely engrossed with the sister's sorrows, that it has no pity left to bestow on the brother?"

"Do you then suppose my heart to be so contracted," she said with a bewitching look, "that its sympathy is circumscribed within such narrow limits? Heaven forbid! that I should ever want a tear when affliction claims it. Do not, however, imagine that you are included in the number of those, who are likely to put my sensibility to so severe a trial."

"Alas!" answered he gravely, "you are a stranger to my sensations, if you think so. My destiny is at best uncertain, and depends entirely"——

At this moment a gentleman approached, and requesting the hand of Leonora for the ensuing dance, put an end to the conversation.

Not a little mortified at this interrup-

tion, Theodore retired to a window, in a state of perturbation he had never felt before. His eyes were rivetted on Leonora, as she gracefully moved like the goddess of love; but the raptures of his soul were no longer deadened by obtruding jealousy, for diffident as he ever was of his own merit, he must have been blind indeed, to have questioned the partiality of Leonora.

The instant she was disengaged, Leonora joined him, and laying her hand gently on his, said with an enchanting smile, "What, ever musing? ever insensible to worldly pleasures?"

"To every thing but you," answered he with the tenderest emotion; "and could I flatter myself that the sentiments which I excite in Leonora's bosom, are not those of indifference, I should be blessed above the lot of mortals."

"If that alone be wanting to your felicity," she answered blushing, "you have little cause to complain."

“Can this be real,” cried Theodore kissing her hand with ecstasy, “and do I live to hear the sweet confession from Leonora’s lips! O day of rapture! day of ineffable delight!”——

Excess of transport rendered him insensible to every consideration but that of present happiness, and he would have continued in the same rapturous strain, had not Leonora restored him to his senses, by a gentle tap on the cheek, adding, with a significant look, “For heaven’s sake consider where we are, and moderate these transports, or the eyes of the whole assembly will be upon us.”

This mild reproof recalled his wandering thoughts from the beatific visions in which they were absorbed, to cares of worldly prudence, for he was not so totally lost to all sublunary concerns, as not to feel that a premature discovery would at once destroy the airy fabric which hope erected.

The greater part of the foregoing con-

versation passed, as they were leaning on the window, apparently enjoying the refreshing breeze of the evening, for which the heat of a crowded room seemed to afford a satisfactory plea. Their faces had imperceptibly approached each other, probably for no other reason than because the subject they were talking about required secrecy. So that at the moment when Leonora first cautioned her lover to beware of attracting the public notice, their mouths were nearly in contact. In spite of his timidity and inexperience Theodore was unable to resist the temptation, and gently pressing her lips, tasted the inexpressible delight of feeling the kiss returned.

Fearful of observation, and conscious too late of the impropriety she had been guilty of, the blushing beauty hastily withdrew, and taking the hand of Theodore, they instantly joined in the dance.

In the course of the evening various plans were suggested for their future meet-

ing, and our hero had the satisfaction of hearing from Leonora's mouth, that his visits would be always acceptable. He learned too, with equal pleasure, that he was already a decided favorite with her mother; that her father often mentioned him with esteem, and that even the prejudices of Humphry were daily diminishing.

The rules of decorum obliging Leonora to change her partner, Theodore now seated himself by Frederic, who had retired to a corner, there to indulge in those gloomy ideas, which no force of friendship could overcome.

"Would to heaven!" said Theodore, "that your prospects were as bright as mine! for then no wish of my heart would remain ungratified."

*Frederic.*—"Sincerely do I thank you for this generous prayer, and never was prayer more necessary. No, I can no longer endure this agonising suspense. My destiny shall be speedily decided. I

know the amiable qualities of my uncle's heart. The affection, which he bears me, is unbounded. Tomorrow we will set off for Munich, I will throw myself at his feet, and never quit him till I obtain his consent."

*Theodore.*—"I fear the trial will be ineffectual."

*Frederic.*—"It will at least be decisive, and that is something. The sight of your felicity has roused all the dormant energies of my soul, and inspired me with courage for the desperate attempt. If I fail, I shall know the worst, and it will then be time to consider what course is left for me to pursue. You will not, I am sure, refuse to accompany me, and I am equally certain that my uncle will appreciate your merit, and receive you with all the kindness which is due to my friend."

It was impossible for Theodore to object, although the journey could never have been proposed at a less agreeable

moment. Nor could Leonora, when made acquainted with the plan, find in her heart to refuse her consent.

---

---

## CHAP. VIII.

---

A journey.

---

THEODORE appeared to tread on air as he returned to his lodgings, for so elevated were his feelings with this sudden change, that he no longer moved like the dull inhabitant of this sluggish globe, but seemed to partake of the pure and ethereal essence of unincorporated spirit. His ecstasy was too great to be repressed, but Frederic unfortunately was so entirely engrossed with his own misfortunes, that he had neither time, nor inclination to play the part of a confidante. So that nothing

remained for him except to converse with the tapestry figures which adorned his chamber, or to give vent to his transports in rhyme.

*Ah ! que la solitude est une belle chose ! mais il faut avoir quelqu' un à qui l'on peut dire, que la solitude est une belle chose.*

The truth of the foregoing remark was never more fully illustrated than in the person of Theodore, for never was tragedy princess more in need of a follower, into whose patient ear she might pour the well known secret of her sorrow. Having therefore spouted out some hundred lines of pastoral poetry, and blotted several sheets of paper with incoherent stanzas, he thought it high time to go to bed, and accordingly began undressing himself with as much composure as if he had been married to Leonora for a dozen years.

It would be a mighty convenient circumstance, if the hero of a romance could exist without eating, drinking, or sleep-



ing; because these are inglorious occupations, which sink him to a level with the meanest peasant. We might indeed allege in our justification, that Homer never sends his heroes to battle with empty stomachs. But then it must be acknowledged also that those doughty champions were a set of vulgar, illiterate fellows, the like of whom it would be difficult to find except among the marshals of France. Nature, however, it must be confessed, is a stubborn jade, and about as hard to fetter as an unyoked ox. So that if a man labors all the day, it is probable that he will sleep the greater part of the night, even though he should be over head and ears in love. And such exactly was Theodore's case, who was so completely exhausted, that he had hardly laid his head on the pillow, when he began snoring as loud as if he had actually swallowed half a dram of opium.

In this situation he was found by Steinfeld, when he came to call him at an early

hour. Unwilling as he was to quit Leonora, he had given a reluctant promise to accompany his friend, and the chaise being ready, was obliged to depart.

During the journey Frederic alternately gave way to hope and fear, though the latter ultimately prevailed.

“ I have,” said he “ received too many proofs of kindness from my uncle to doubt his affection. Believe me, Theodore, he is the very reverse of my father, and has a mind superior to every prejudice. The moment he is persuaded that my union with your sister is essential to my future happiness, and that her many amiable qualities fully justify my attachment, he will cease to oppose my wishes. Nay I am far from despairing of being able so far to interest him in my favor, that he will openly espouse my cause ; and then I have little doubt of succeeding. For though it is not likely that my father should yield to any arguments which human reason can employ, yet he has too

great a respect for my uncle's property, not to pay some deference to his opinion."

"The plan, which I am about to execute, I have frequently revolved in my mind; but I reserved it as a last effort, to be resorted to only in extreme necessity."

Frederic then entered more minutely into his uncle's principles, assuring Theodore that nothing pleased him so much as a frank and open manner. "Your disposition," said he, "is exactly calculated to suit his taste, and you have nothing to do, but to appear before him in your natural character. In admiring you, he will be imperceptibly led to form a favorable opinion of Theresa, which her virtues and accomplishments cannot fail to confirm, whenever he sees her."

He next proceeded to draw a hasty sketch of his other relations who resided at Munich. Every thing that he said of his sister was greatly to her advantage, and

he concluded his eulogium in the following words.

“ Her influence with my uncle is unbounded, and if she be not strangely altered since last we met, I am confident she will exert it with the sincerity of a real friend. Of my brother, however, I cannot speak with equal security, for he is too much of a courtier to be trusted, and loves himself too well to take a warm interest in the concerns of any one else. He has besides inherited all my father’s prejudices respecting birth; and supposes, like him, that an insurmountable barrier has been placed by nature between the different classes of society.”

Nothing material occurred on the road, till they arrived at a village a few leagues distant from the capital of Bavaria. While they were waiting for horses at the post-house, a man in a thread-bare livery entered the room, where they were talking to the mistress of the inn. His eyes were swollen with tears, his face was pale and

haggard, so that he appeared the exact picture of poverty and despair.

“What’s the matter, Martin?” said the hostess kindly, “that you are so sadly troubled to day.”

“I hardly knows myself,” answered he sighing, “but I was born to be wretched, and there’s no fighting against one’s destiny.”

“But what has happened, man? for thou beest not wont to look thus piteous.”

“Enow I thinks to drive a wiser man out of his senses,” answered he. “Why, as I hope to be saved, I’ve been turned out of the castle, and have nothing left for it, except to beg my bread.”

*Hostess.*—“Poōr lad! I pity thee from my soul, for I’m sure you could never deserve it.”

*Martin.*—“It was all mistress’s doing, as you shall hear. You knows as how I’ve the care of the poultry, and so, because a fox comes and carries off a turkey, ’twas I who stole it to be sure ;

though by St. Anthony, I didn't know no more about it than the unborn child. It's a killing shame that an honest fellow can't get his own, and so I told madam just now, but it did not signify a pin's point. As true as my name is Martin, I have twenty crowns due to me for wages, and not a kreutzer shall I ever see. For just as I was making out my account, comes madam with a long bill in her hand. There was I don't know how much for broken china, which I never touched ; and so much more for mending a saddle, though I never was suffered to get on a horse. And then the colt had been kicked, so I was to pay the farrier's bill, though I had nothing to do in the stable. Not one word was I permitted to say in my own defence, while mistress kept scolding and casting up, casting up and scolding."

"So the long and short of the matter is that she gave me a florin, telling me it was more than I had a right to expect,

but that she could'nt find in her heart to turn me pennyless on the wide world. Lord help us, what tender consciences some folks have !”

“ I longed to speak to my good master, but madam took care of that; and would have stripped this poor coat off my back, had it not been for his honor. For I heard his worship say, *you had better leave the poor fellow his old livery, or he will have nothing to keep him from the cold.* God bless him for it, say I. He is as honest a soul as any living, if he dared only to be master in his own house.”

With these words he pulled out a leathern purse from his breeches pocket, and taking out half a crown put it into the landlady's hand, saying, “ there, mistress, is what I owe you; I'm poor, it is true, but that is no disgrace, so long as I be honest; and while I've a farthing left, I'll pay my debts, as father told me, when I was a boy.”

Steinfeld was so much struck with the honesty of Martin, that taking the hostess aside he made particular inquiries about him, and being assured by the woman that he was a deserving fellow, he instantly engaged him in his service. During the route, Martin related several anecdotes of his life with a *naïveté* that delighted his master ; but as neither Steinfeld, nor Theodore, were equally communicative, he was compelled, though reluctantly, to suspend his curiosity until circumstances should disclose their rank and situation in life.



## CHAP. IX.

---

In which several new characters appear.

---

It being late before they reached Munich, Frederic thought it adviseable to defer his visit till the following day. Early in the morning, Martin was dispatched to the baron's hotel with intelligence of his nephew's arrival, and with directions to inquire at what hour his master might be permitted to wait on him. In a few minutes he returned with the mortifying intelligence that the baron had left home a few days before, and was not expected back for some time.

Overwhelmed with regret and disappointment, Frederic went immediately to

his sister's, leaving his friend to amuse himself with viewing the curiosities of the town. As Munich was by far the largest city that Theodore had ever seen, he was not a little surprized at the crouds of people, and splendid equipages, which he met in every street. The novelty of the scene at first delighted him, and he contemplated the general appearance of activity and population with sentiments of admiration and surprize. But when he came seriously to reflect that the greater part of that busy throng was occupied either in projecting the ruin of others, or effecting their own, he pitied the weakness of human nature, and began to suspect that large and populous cities are proofs rather of opulence than of happiness. In the countenances of many he plainly traced the triumphant grin of successful fraud, while in others he discovered the painful vacuity of indolent wealth, whose only pursuit is pleasure, or the listless anxiety of killing time.

Yet though this appeared to have been the sole occupation of their lives, Theodore was induced, by the predominating symptoms of *ennui*, to believe that no burden is half so intolerable as that of an unoccupied mind.

Amid the gaudy trappings of pride he was shocked at beholding the disgusting contrast of penury and rags.

“Great God !” exclaimed he in a tone of impatience, “is it possible that so large a portion of your creatures should want a scanty morsel to appease the cries of hunger, while vanity and affluence parade the streets with insulting luxury.”

Yet his indignation rose to a still higher pitch, when he beheld that sex, to which he was fond of attributing every amiable virtue, pass on in silent scorn, turning away their painted faces, with a callous expression of disgust, from objects the most calculated to inspire compassion. He followed one of these unfeeling beauties into a church, where he saw her pray

with as much apparent devotion, as the good Samaritan could have done, after anointing the wounds of the plundered traveller.

“Strange perversion,” cried he, “of hypocritical zeal, to petition the throne of mercy for blessings on ourselves, when we refuse a blessing to those who need it !”

Nor was he less offended at the humiliating distinction preserved even in the sacred sanctuaries of religion, between poverty and riches. For while the former lay prostrate upon the cold pavement, imploring a speedy termination to its misery, the latter, indolently reclining on velvet cushions, seemed proudly to assert the pre-eminence of birth and fortune, even in the presence of him, before whom all the boasted distinctions of worldly grandeur disappear, and have nothing substantial unless united with virtue.

At his return to the inn, Theodore found a note from Frederic, inviting him

to dine with his sister. Baroness Euler received him with a well-bred affability, which served instantly to banish every idea of inferiority. Her features, though formed with greater delicacy, bore a striking resemblance to her brother's. Her manners were captivating, her countenance animated, her conversation lively and interesting.

Baron Euler, on the contrary, by the cold dignity of his address, shewed evidently that he was conferring no trifling favor in receiving the son of a village bailiff. To the generality of mankind there would have been nothing offensive in his reserve, for it would have been attributed to the conscious superiority of illustrious birth. But to the finer feelings of our hero, it presented itself under an ungrateful aspect, for his ideas of distinction being solely attached to personal merit, he discovered little in the character of baron Euler, either to excite admiration, or to command esteem.

Frederic's younger brother was also of the party. He arrived at the moment when the rest of the company were seating themselves at table, and without deigning to apologize for coming so late, he took his place with an air of consequence, which shewed the high value he attached to his own accomplishments. During dinner he spoke nothing but French, which he affected to understand much better than his native language; treating the latter as the barbarous dialect of an uncivilised people. The writings of Voltaire he mentioned repeatedly, and always in terms of exaggerated applause, asserting, as the king of Prussia has done, that he was a sublimer poet than either Homer or Shakespeare, a more profound philosopher than Cicero, or Locke, and a more enlightened historian than Thucydides, or Hume. For though he had scarce any knowledge of the learned languages, and still less of the English tongue, he had picked up the names of

these eminent writers, and even learned the subjects they treated of. This indeed was all that he aspired to, and it was just sufficient to display his ignorance, by convincing the world that he was equally deficient in judgement and in taste.

Such was the general tenor of his conversation at table, where he scarce allowed any other person to put in a word. For as he had a pretty figure, dressed with conceit, if not with elegance, and had been so often told that he was agreeable and entertaining, that he was as fully persuaded of it, as he was of the pre-eminence of the French in every scientific pursuit. Having accordingly in his own judgment, impressed the young students with the highest respect for his talents, he retired at an early hour under pretext of an indispensable engagement; excusing himself in such terms as he hoped would lead his friends to surmise, that this weighty business was nothing less than a rendezvous with a woman of fashion.

Hitherto baron Euler had been silent, or occasionally signified his approbation, or dissent, by a nod, or monosyllable alone. But no sooner had the younger Steinfeld quitted the room, than his countenance brightened, assuming an air of animation of which it seemed utterly incapable. The baron was what is usually called a well-looking man. His features were regular, his eyes large, and his cheeks flushed with health. But then his face was of that description, that it would have been equally captivating, had it been made of pasteboard, or wax. For if formed of those materials, and stuck upon a well dressed block, with the usual appendages of a star and a ribbon, it might have easily passed for the baron.

Disputation was not the baron's *fort*, or he would have defended the reputation of his countrymen, when so unjustly traduced at dinner. For he was as great an admirer of the ceremonious frivolity of a German court, as his brother in law



could possibly be of the graceful fopperies of Paris. But being now left undisputed master of the field, he began describing to Frederic all the charms and advantages of a courtier's life. And this he did with as much precision and gravity as he would have assumed upon entering the state-chamber, on a gala day; weighing every word and sentence, according to the most scrupulous principles of punctilious respect. Having contrasted the brilliant existence of a chamberlain with the boorish pleasures of the country, he exhibited a long list of places and honors, to which Frederic might confidently aspire, if he would adopt his friendly advice. But how great were his disappointment and surprize to discover that the ambition of Frederic was proof against every temptation, and that he preferred independence and study, to the inscrutable delight of standing behind the elector's chair, or taking off his serene highness's dirty shirt.

Perceiving that his eloquence had been exerted to little purpose, the baron began to yawn, walked to the glass, arranged his tupee, pulled down his ruffles, and after taking two or three turns in the room, suddenly disappeared, without occasioning any sensation, but what arose from the absence of violet powder, and rose pomatum.

The happy trio being now left to themselves, the baroness expressed the tenderest solicitude for her brother's welfare. Having repeatedly reminded him of the lively affection by which their hearts were formerly united, and assured him her sentiments remained unalterably the same, she resumed the conversation, where it had been broken off in the morning by the presence of her husband.

Frederic concealed from her no circumstance relative to his passion for Theresa, but painted in animated colors the rise, and progress of their mutual attachment, concluding by the solemn declara-

tion, that no human power should ever induce him to abandon the hope of being one day united to the sister of his friend.

“ I will own to you,” replied the baroness, “ that I have been for some time acquainted with your sentiments, as the report had reached my uncle’s ears, and occasioned him much uneasiness. He forebore, however, to communicate his feelings to you, flattering himself that time and absence would get the better of an inclination, which none of the family could approve. It is therefore with the deepest regret that I now hear the contrary from your own mouth.”

Frederic was so fully prepared to meet with opposition, that he was far from offended at his sister’s freedom ; yet being resolved to leave her without a hope of success, he thus resumed.

“ Every argument, which can be urged by my friends, I have already made use of myself ; yet the more I consider the subject, the more reasons I discover

to persevere. Indeed, my only object in coming here, was to open my heart to my uncle, but his ill-timed absence will unfortunately render this project abortive.

“ His absence,” she rejoined with a smile, “ may perhaps prove less unfortunate than you imagine; as public business will carry him into the neighborhood of Dallenberg, and I shrewdly suspect that it is his intention to pay a visit to Theresa, and her father. I must, however, again repeat, that this affair has given him great anxiety; all his hopes being centered in you, on whom he depends for restoring the Name of Steinfeld to that lustre and reputation, to which it possesses so just a claim. At the same time, he openly disapproves your father’s conduct; but as he knows the violence and inflexibility of his temper, he has hitherto avoided every kind of interference, lest that should irritate him

more. He is also desirous of ascertaining, from personal observation, how far the object of your choice appears to justify the sacrifice which you are prepared to make her, before he takes any decisive steps. In the mean time, he has kept a vigilant eye over you, and has been regularly informed of all your actions. These inquiries, I rejoice to say, have turned out greatly to your advantage, and I have frequently heard him express the warmest satisfaction, at being blest with so excellent a nephew."

Frederic's spirits were not a little revived at receiving so favorable a report. Delighted with all he heard, he now described the person and disposition of Theresa in such amiable colors, that the prejudices of education were gradually forced to give way, till no longer able to command her feelings, the baroness seized his hand with all the warmth of affection, emphatically saying, "Depend upon it, brother, that if Theresa resembles the picture which

you have drawn, she cannot fail to justify your attachment to the whole world."

---

## CHAP. X.

---

A religious festival.

---

FREDERIC was so delighted with what his sister had said, that he wished every one to be as happy as himself; he therefore indulged the loquacity of Martin by listening to his remarks on the town.

"Munich," said the honest fellow, "must certainly be the largest, the finest, and the richest city in the universal world, for I never saw any thing like it before, though I have been twice at Ulm and once at Stuttgart. And then all the folks I met, were better drest, thof it is but a week day, than master was on

an Easter Sunday. Lord love you, why every one here keeps a coach, and some of 'em half a dozen, I'll warrant. For every street swarmed with carriages. For my part, I thought as how there had been some grand doings going on ; but when I axed at the barber's shop, they made fun of me for knowing no better ; and so I thought I'd as well be silent, that they might believe me as wise, and as well educated as themselves. So a little further, I stumbles on one of the baron's servants, where your honor dined to-day, and he told me as how he would shew me the elector's palace. And a grand building it is ! I'll be whipped if it be not twice as big as our parish church, though that is one of the largest in any village in Swabia. So while I was counting the windows, there comes a fine, powdered gentleman to the door. Egad ! says I to myself, this can be nobody but his highness himself. So now, Martin, shew your breeding, and that you're not

such a lout as they take you for. So off goes my hat, and a plaguy low bow did I make him. When what do you think, your honor; the baron's servant burst out into a loud laugh, and told me as how this smart chap was nothing more than a running footman."

The *naïveté* with which Martin related his own blunders amused the two friends so much, that they encouraged him to proceed; but as the reader may not find equal entertainment from the narrative, we will pass over a variety of adventures which befel him in his way from the palace to the cathedral, where his astonishment was increased to the highest pitch. But what most excited his admiration, was the statue of an angel in painted wood, which he thus described. "Indeed, your honor, it would have done your heart good to see it, for it was as like a living soul as one pippin is to another. Nay, what is stranger still, the finest music came out of its mouth. A nice



town this to live in, your honor, for what with singing and praying, trumpeting and fiddling, I don't well see how the inhabitants can miss their way to heaven."

The next morning was devoted by our friends to seeing the curiosities of Munich. They breakfasted by appointment at Baron Euler's, whose reception of Theodore was less cold and formal than on the preceding day. This, however, arose not from a change of sentiment, but from a change of dress; for with his bag and sword the baron laid aside much of the frivolous solemnity of a courtier, and consequently appeared most amiable, when he studied least to appear so.

Having invited them both to dinner, he sent his secretary to attend them during their morning ramble, with directions to point out those things which were most deserving attention. They first visited the palace, and were highly gratified with a sight of the valuable collection of pictures and medals, though they

greatly regretted, that the variety of objects, which were crowded together, served rather to confuse the imagination, than to present a source of valuable information to an inquisitive mind. Nor could they conceal their astonishment, that travellers in general should consider a few months, spent in a hasty survey of the manners, customs, and antiquities of Europe, sufficient to convert the rude school-boy into a profound politician, a polished courtier, and a scientific connoisseur.

During dinner the conversation turned on the fine arts, when the baron, notwithstanding his prepossession for a drawing-room, shewed that he was by no means destitute of taste; for he had now a fair opportunity of displaying his knowledge to the fullest advantage, since his elegant brother-in-law was too much sought after, to be able to throw away another day on a family party.

The evening was appropriated to those religious pageantries with which all Ro-

man catholic countries abound in the holy week, and which are no less calculated to excite the curiosity of the enlightened, than to captivate the admiration of the ignorant. Crouds of flagellants paraded the streets, exercising an ostentatious severity on their naked backs, while the deluded populace applauded their piety, in proportion as the scourge was applied with a vigorous hand.

The midnight mass was solemnly imposing. The massive columns of gothic structure, which supported the fretted dome of the cathedral, were hung with black, increasing, by their sombre covering, the general gloom. The waxen tapers also were so artfully disposed, that they shed a faint and melancholy light, serving less to dispel the obscurity, than to render it more sensible to the astonished spectators. At stated intervals the most precious incense arose in fragrant clouds, while numerous processions, moving slowly along the spacious aisles, in the hum-

ble garb of penitence, added greatly to the general effect. Thus every circumstance combined to inspire those enthusiastic feelings, which usurp the place of religion in feeble minds, but which differ as essentially from the pure devotion of cultivated intellect, as does the tawdry image at Loretto from the graceful Venus of Praxiteles.

On Steinfeld and his friend such a spectacle as this could not fail of producing a very different effect from that which priesthood designed to excite, for their's was the piety of enlightened souls, which embraces in one comprehensive chain all ranks and conditions of men. With a mingled sentiment of indignation and pity, they contemplated the triumph of superstition; for they considered Christianity to be the most perfect system of practical morality that had yet been delivered to the world, equally remote from the sensual pomp of paganism, and from the abstract speculations of metaphysics.

Nor could Theodore restrain a sigh, when he gazed on the deluded populace, whose downcast eyes, and humble demeanor, formed a striking contrast with the ostentatious dignity of the sacerdotal order, as they sat in proud solemnity in every confessional, dispensing pardon with a venal hand.

The undulating throng, like magic figures, glided through the majestic pillars, now emerging from obscurity, now lost entirely in the reflected gloom ; while a confused murmur pervaded the spacious fabric, not unlike that of the distant waves breaking in melancholy cadence on the rocky shore.

While the two friends were thus occupied in painful reflections on the cunning and credulity of their fellow men, their meditations were suddenly interrupted by one of the noblest chorusses that ever sounded to the creator's praise. It was the *stábat mater* of Pergolese, executed by a full and chosen band. The effect

produced on the minds of the audience was instantaneous and forcible; not a whisper was any longer to be heard, but all became sad and silent as the grave. Every heart beat with kindred emotions, when the deep-toned instruments imitated the groans of death; but when the music changed to an animating strain, every soul was elated to celestial hope, and joined with ecstasy in the hymn of triumph.

Theodore was too excellent a judge of musical composition to be insensible to the most affecting of all harmonical productions. His soul was raised above the level of mortality, and his bosom swelled with gratitude, when he figured to himself the savior of mankind, expiating by a voluntary death the accumulated offences of a guilty world. But when the orchestra celebrated his signal victory over sin and death, he rejoiced in the triumph of his redeemer, and falling devoutly on his knees poured forth his acknowledgements to him, who is at once a judge and intercessor for us all.

## CHAP. XI.

---

Containing some reflections on duelling.

---

AFTER taking a tender leave of his sister, who promised to exert all her influence in his favor, Frederic sat out with his friend for Ingolstadt. Nothing material occurred in the way; but as they stopped at their lodgings, they saw Leonora at her window, who informed them by signs that she wished to see them, as soon as possible.

This permission was joyfully accepted the moment they were drest; they found Leonora with her father, who expressed great satisfaction at their return, but as his attentions were particularly directed to the

baron, he had little leisure to observe his daughter, whose emotion otherwise could hardly have failed to betray her. After remaining a few minutes in the room, he apologized to his guests, for being compelled by indispensable business to quit them. No sooner was the door closed, than Theodore tenderly pressing the hand of Leonora, inquired if, during his absence, he had been fortunate enough sometimes to occupy a place in her thoughts.

“ Sometimes !” exclaimed the lovely girl, with the sweetest expression of sensibility ; “ heaven knows that my thoughts have never strayed to any other object. Sleeping or waking, the image of my Theodore has been present to my mind. The whole of yesterday I passed at the window, concluding every carriage I heard to be the one I expected ; and when the night arrived without my seeing you, I was foolish enough to imagine a thousand



dangers, to which I attributed your delay."

To these flattering assurances Theodore replied by clasping her in his arms, and imprinting rapturous kisses on her responsive lips. Having thus given way to the effusions of passion, Leonora desired to be made acquainted with the success of their journey, and being informed of every thing that had passed, she congratulated Frederic on his happy prospects.

This interesting scene was at length terminated by the appearance of Humphrey, who was soon followed by his excellent mother. The good old lady welcomed the two friends in the artless language of the heart, and insisted upon keeping them to supper, when the conversation took a lively turn, for even Humphrey himself seemed disposed to be pleased.

On the following morning, as our hero was musing on his apparent good fortune, and forming a thousand plans of future

bliss, Frederic entered abruptly with a letter in his hand.

“ I must set off instantly,” said he, throwing the letter on the table, “ there is not a moment to lose.”

Surprised at the emotion with which he spoke, Theodore took up the paper, and read as follows :

“ Dear Fred,

“ The d——d gout has wonce moar led mee bey the heeles, and this hear bout wille, I veare, goe ny too ainde mee ; zo its hie time to thinke off duing zumthinge toardws zettlinge mi conzernes in this vorlde, and reckummendinge mi sowle too St. Antonie in the neckst, that I mai gette a cumfortabell burthe thare. Vor the larst must appli to the peairzun, butte shalle neede ure assisteance vor tuthur. Zo pak uppe, and bee off.

“ O. STEINFELD.”

*Frederic.*—"What say you to this, my friend?"

*Theodore.*—"For my part, I see nothing alarming in it. Should it please God to take your father, you will become uncontrouled master of your own conduct, and nothing then can any longer impede your happiness."

*Frederic.*—"Things indeed may turn out as you represent them; but while my father lives, and continues to oppose my union with your sister, I can never look for a moment's peace."

Theodore had again recourse to his former arguments, to give strength and courage to his friend. But while he exerted the powers of reason, his heart told him that he had scarce less need of consolation himself, as to separate from Steinfeld was one of the severest blows which fortune could inflict; and this too at a time when he most required his assistance. He had, however, the satisfaction to perceive that his suggestions

were not without effect, as Frederic grew gradually more composed, and even began to nourish hopes that the end of his trials was approaching.

Having fixed his departure for that very evening, he began the necessary preparations for his journey, determining, at all events, to leave behind the greater part of his effects, as if he calculated the length of his absence in proportion to the quantity of his luggage.

But this deception was too gross to impose even on voluntary credulity. Uncertain whether he should be permitted again to join his friend, to whose pernicious councils his father would naturally impute his disobedience, he looked forward with the bitterest regret to the possibility of being detained a prisoner, at Steinfeld castle ; as the only expedient that could satisfy the jealous pride of an unrelenting parent.

Yet being apprehensive of giving a mortal wound to the bosom of his friend,

he disguised his fears under an affected smile, endeavoring to turn the conversation to indifferent topics. This, however, was no easy task. The hearts of both were too full to second the effort; so that in spite of every endeavor to repress their feelings, the countenances of both betrayed the secret, which they were equally anxious to hide.

Under such circumstances, the presence of a third person affords essential relief. Of this perhaps neither of these amiable youths was immediately conscious. Reflection, however, would have soon convinced them, that there are situations in life, when importunity becomes in some degree a blessing, as it draws away the brooding thoughts from that gloomy subject which sorrow cherishes. The appearance of Dolmund was accordingly a relief to both, and seemed to remove a heavy weight from their spirits, though he was a favorite with neither, and would

at any other time have been regarded as a troublesome intruder.

Dolmund had been formerly intimate with Godfrey, and since his death had occasionally visited Frederic, whose high character induced his acquaintance to consult him, whenever a question of delicacy occurred. And such was Dolmund's present business. After dwelling upon the charms of a girl, with whom he had been for some time connected, he confessed that his dulcinea had just forsaken him for a worthless fellow, who had nothing but impudence to recommend him; and concluded by declaring that it was his intention to challenge his rival, requesting Steinfeld to become his second.

Frederic, who had neither inclination nor leisure for a serious discussion of the subject, excused himself by stating the urgent business which called him away from the university. Upon this Dolmund solicited Theodore to supply the place of his friend.

The religious principles of our hero could not fail to render him a decided enemy to duelling, even when a real injury seemed most to justify that barbarous practice. In the present instance therefore, when there was nothing to contend about except an abandoned woman, he attempted not to palliate his disapprobation, but giving way to the impulse of the moment, expressed his sentiments in the following terms.

“Are you mad?” cried he, “that you would venture your existence in defence of an object, that merits no feeling but contempt. Let us suppose you to be victorious in the combat, and that you deprive your competitor of life! what advantage do you expect to gain? will your triumph purify the corrupted heart of a profligate woman? or render her less unworthy of your esteem? It is impossible for you really to love her; for it is impossible to love a person whom reason teaches us to despise.”

“ This, Dolmund, is a subject upon which we have conversed before; and if I remember right, I then heard you condemn this savage custom, as equally repugnant to religion and law. If speaking abstractedly your censure was properly bestowed, by what arguments can you defend it now, when applied directly to yourself? Since nothing in nature can be less deserving of contention. than the object for which you are about to contend.”

“ By your own account, your rival has nothing to lose except his life ; and whether that prove a loss, or not, must depend solely on the use which he may hereafter make of it. At all events, however, it is not your business to deprive him of the possibility of repenting. Nor could you, in the cooler hours of reflection, forgive yourself; should you be hurried away by the impetuosity of passion to plunge him into the grave, with such a weight of iniquity on his head.”

“ Nay more; let me intreat you se-



riously to examine your own conduct, before you rashly resolve on so desperate a measure. Are you prepared to appear at the final audit? Have you no offences to atone for? no debts to discharge? no compensations to offer for former injuries? Can you lay your hand on your breast, and say with confidence, *I have lived as a christian ought?* Let this be the subject of a private scrutiny. Let conscience determine the question like an unbiassed judge, and by her sentence I would advise you to abide."

Dolmund was deeply affected at the impassioned tone in which Theodore addressed him, and promised not only deliberately to weigh his arguments, but even to take no decisive step without previously communicating it to him. He could not, however, entirely reconcile his present system of forbearance with the prejudices of his less rational associates; and having expressed an apprehension that they might attribute his conduct to

dishonorable motives, Theodore thus endeavored to calm him.

“ Your motive,” said he, “ cannot be mistaken, since you have given too many proofs of courage, for any one to call your honor in question. Besides you may rest assured that true fortitude consists in braving the opinions of the world, when they are repugnant to the dictates of morality, or reason.”

“ Of the rectitude of these principles, I am myself so fully persuaded, that nothing should induce me deliberately to meet a fellow creature, with the premeditated design of taking away his life, or risking my own. But whosoever ventures to attack me, shall find that I want neither a sword to protect my person, nor the resolution requisite to use it.”

This unqualified declaration in some measure appeased the scruples of Dolmund, who now retired with the firm determination of acting for once with prudence and moderation.

## CHAP. XII.

---

A letter.

---

THE parting between Frederic and Theodore would afford ample materials for pathetic description; but scenes of this kind bear so great an analogy to each other, that it is no easy task to vary the painting. We must therefore refer the reader to the evening preceding Steinfeld's departure from Gunzburg, which, with some trifling alterations, will apply equally well to the present occasion. Yet with respect to our hero, a change had taken place, which was greatly in his favor, for when he was left alone in the seminary, he had nothing to console him for the loss of a friend, but his books

and father Philip. Now, in spite of all our respect for that excellent man, candor compels us to acknowledge that he now possessed a source of comfort very different from that of the wisest precepts. Unfeigned as his sorrow was, one smile from Leonora could dispel the gloom that clouded his brow, cheering his troubled soul, as the dew of heaven revives the parched and arid soil.

What happened to Theodore, every youth would have experienced in a similar situation. And yet among the numerous theories invented by moralists for the improvement of human felicity, I never recollect to have met with love as an antidote for grief; though I am inclined to think that none was ever prescribed, whose effects are half so rapid and efficacious. I flatter myself, therefore, that those philosophers, who shall hereafter treat this important topic, will maturely consider the hints which I have here taken the liberty of throwing out; and if they are

not previously bigoted to any particular system, they will find an ample foundation to build on, and one too that possesses two essential recommendations, which few modern authors can resist, **EXTRAVAGANCE AND NOVELTY.**

Soon after Frederic had left Ingolstadt Theodore received the following letter from his sister, which contributed not a little to raise his spirits.

“ My dear brother,

“ I have lately written in such a style of dejection, that I am eager to communicate an event, which casts a ray of hope over the dreary prospect.

“ The day before yesterday a carriage drove up to the door, the owner of which inquired after my father, and on his appearing, requested with the greatest politeness that he would allow him to become his guest, alleging, in excuse for this intrusion, that his horses were too much fatigued to proceed, and that he could

meet with no tolerable accommodations in the village. My father answered, with his usual hospitality, that he could not but rejoice at an event which procured him the honor of a visit from a person of his apparent rank. For I should have told you before that the stranger's equipage was handsome, his figure imposing, and that he wore the order of St. Hubert.

“ During dinner he was all affability and good nature ; yet I must confess that I felt not a little embarrassed by his civility, as his conversation was particularly addressed to me, and he appeared to examine me with as much attention, as if he had been desirous of penetrating my most secret thoughts.

“ But how shall I describe my confusion? when after many inquiries about my health, he added, *I flatter myself you will pardon my inquisitiveness, but your amiable character interests me so much in your favor, that nothing*

*which concerns you can be indifferent to me. Besides, having made physiognomy my study, I am very apt to judge from first impressions.— You may smile,* continued he, *but I will at once convince you of my skill, by telling you that you have naturally an excellent constitution, though you at present look pale and sickly. Nay more, I am no stranger to the cause of your malady, and would lay a considerable wager that the seat of it is in the heart.*

“ This quite overset me, and I remained silent and confused. Perceiving how much I was affected, he dropped the subject, and turning to my father, spoke of me in terms so flattering, as still further to increase my distress; although I derived a secret pride from the commendations of a man, who had already inspired me with veneration and esteem. My father too was so charmed with the ease and freedom

of his behaviour, that he treated him with all the openness of a friend. When the cloth was removed, the conversation took a still more confidential turn. The stranger made many inquiries concerning our way of life, our connections in the world, and the situation of the rest of the family. Then abruptly addressing himself to me he asked *if I was acquainted with young baron Steinfeld*, accompanying the question with so significant a look, that I felt totally at a loss what to say.

“ My face glowed with amazement, my voice trembled, and I was hardly able to stammer out a simple affirmative. *He is my nephew*, continued he, *and my name also is Steinfeld*.

“ My father, who was perfectly acquainted with the character, though not with the person of the baron, immediately rose from his seat, apologizing for any improper liberties he might inadvertently have taken. The baron, however, insisted upon his resuming his place,



telling him that he hoped he would always regard him in the light of a friend. Having thus put my poor father at his ease, he again addressed himself to me, saying, *Since you know my nephew, you do not hate him, I guess. You need not be ashamed my amiable girl,* continued he with increasing kindness, *of a virtuous inclination. Frederic deserves your affection, and I think I have already seen enough of you to add, that I am far from disapproving his taste.*

“ How fortunate was it for me, my dear Theodore, that he spoke with so much gentleness. Giving way to my emotion, I covered my face with both my hands, and burst into tears. The baron appeared much affected, and endeavored to comfort me, by saying to my father, *I have for some time been acquainted with my nephew's attachment, but have avoided mentioning the subject to him, because I waited for an opportunity of*

*judging myself whether the object was such as to justify his choice. The moment I have so long wished for is now arrived, and I will not conceal from you, how much I am delighted with your daughter. Had I met with such a woman in my youth, I should not I believe have been single now.*

*“ My brother, continued he, taking my hand, is a man of violent passions, and the slave of prejudice. But I shall see him in a day or two, when I will talk over the affair with candor and moderation. Should he remain inflexible, I will openly adopt Frederic as my heir ; for of what use is fortune, unless to promote the happiness of those we love ?*

*“ Having exhorted me to keep up my spirits, he took leave of us in the most friendly manner, promising my father that he should hear from him again, in the course of a few days.*

*“ It is impossible, my dearest brother,*

for any words to express the exquisite sensations of my mind ; for I seem raised at once from the most abject despair to the purest felicity that mortal can enjoy. Heaven ! can the blissful vision be ever realised ? and am I doomed indeed to be united to my Frederic ?

“ My sufferings, it is true, have been severe ; but how have I merited to be rewarded thus ? For what are all the painful hours I have past ! Nay, what would even years of misery be, when compared with the transports of such a moment as this ? Yet still, I scarce dare trust to appearances. My spirits are so depressed with adversity, that I can with difficulty persuade myself that it is any thing more real than a dream, and tremble lest I should wake again the devoted child of calamity.

“ I leave you to communicate these joyful tidings to my beloved Frederic, for I am still bound by my former promise. Assist me also with your prayers

in thanking providence for these transcendent blessings.

“ My father’s health is surprizingly mended, so that he looks quite young and cheerful. Indeed every thing that surrounds me appears to partake of my felicity. May you, my Theodore, be one day as happy as is now your affectionate

Theresa Rosenthal.”

Theodore shed tears of joy as he perused this letter, and falling on his knees, poured forth the warm effusions of a grateful heart, concluding with a petition, that he and Leonora might be hereafter destined to equal bliss. His next employment was to acquaint his friend of this fortunate change, which he did by inclosing a copy of Theresa’s letter. Having discharged this pleasing task, he mechanically took up his hat ; for when any thing touched the finer fibres of his soul, the narrow limits of a chamber appeared too confined for his feelings.

Uncertain which way to direct his steps, he went out of the nearest gate, just as the declining sun shed a vivid light on the glowing hills. Every tree, and bush, reviving at the return of spring, was covered with bursting buds, while the nightingale and thrush with their responsive notes gave life and animation to the impressive scene. After wandering about the fields, till the lengthening shadows announced the closing day, he turned again towards the town, and entering a narrow lane, went sauntering on with careless steps, when he was suddenly roused by a female voice.

He started at the well known sound, and looking up beheld Leonora at the window of a summer-house, who told him she was alone, and invited him to join her. In an instant he flew up the steps, and found her in a small and elegant room, ornamented with drawings from her own pencil.

“ This,” said she, as he entered, “ is

my own garden, at least so my father calls it; and here I frequently retire, when the weather is fine, to indulge in my favorite amusements. My harp is my constant companion, and I often pass the whole afternoon here, with no other attendant. To day, indeed, my brother accompanied me; but as he preferred his gun to my conversation, he is gone in search of game; and as things have turned out, I shall not quarrel with him for his want of attention."

Theodore thanked her in the warm language of love, and for the first time considered the neglect of Humphrey to be a pardonable failing. He then proceeded to impart to her the contents of his sister's letter, at which she sincerely rejoiced, and looking at him with ineffable tenderness, he plainly read in her looks the flattering wish that a similar destiny might be theirs.

Theodore pressed her to his bosom in silent ecstasy; but recollecting himself in

an instant he trembled at the possibility of being surprized by Humphrey, expressing his apprehensions on her account, should her brother catch them together.

“ We have nothing to fear from that quarter,” replied the amiable girl, “ for his sentiments respecting you are no longer the same ; yet I can impute this sudden alteration to no other cause, than to the flattering manner in which you have lately spoken of his musical talents. Provided you admire his performance on the flute, you may henceforth reckon him among your truest friends. My father too never mentions your name without expressions of esteem, and my dear mother already loves you with the tenderness of a parent. From some circumstances which have lately taken place,” added she, with a deep blush, “ I have reason to believe that she is no stranger to our mutual attachment, and the moment my suspicions are confirmed, it will certainly be advisable for me to open to her my

whole heart. But before I venture to take this decisive step, I must be assured of the sincerity of your sentiments."

"Can you doubt it, my beloved Leonora?" cried the enraptured youth, clasping her in his arms, "can you doubt the truth and honor of your Theodore?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Leonora with emotion; "for then I should be completely wretched."

The protestations of mutual affection are of all sounds the sweetest to a lover's ear; but to an indifferent spectator the thrilling sigh, the soft languishing look, with all its accompaniments of smiles and kisses, are dull and insipid, as the banquets of Pandatara to the disappointed stomach of the half famished Sancho. We will therefore leave the delighted pair to the enjoyment of every transport that innocence would allow. The minutes flew rapidly away, nor were they aware that the evening was far advanced, when Humphrey returned; who, having met



with plenty of game, was in excellent spirits, shook Theodore heartily by the hand, and invited him to accompany them home.

---

### CHAP. XIII.

---

Frederic arrives at Steinfeld castle ; his reception there.

---

THEODORE was impatient to hear from Steinfeld castle, for owing to the irregularity of the post, or some other cause, several days elapsed after Frederic's departure before he received the following letter :

“ My dear friend,

I have only time to inform you that I arrived here last night, and found my father much better than I expected. In

all probability his dread of death made him magnify the danger, which vanished as suddenly as it arose. He now walks about with the help of crutches, and swears as stoutly as if nothing had happened. His reception was by no means unkind, and I was warmly commended for the alacrity with which I obeyed his summons.

O, my Theodore! what will become of me should I be detained long in this uncomfortable place, surrounded by persons whose thoughts and actions are in perfect dissonance with my own. My heart is full, but I am called away, and cannot therefore give vent to my feelings. I will write again in a few days, when you shall know every thing that concerns me."

There was nothing in this letter to alarm the most timid mind, yet still our hero was far from being easy, nor could he reconcile the description which Frederic gave of his father's health, with the ac-

count he had sent of himself. A fortnight, however, passed without bringing any further intelligence, at the expiration of which a second letter arrived, which, to his infinite astonishment, was dated from Gunzburg.

“ My dearest friend,

Though I have already been here three days, the agitation of my mind has been too great to allow of my committing my thoughts to paper. All is lost, irretrievably lost ! hope ! happiness ! Theresa ! No, nothing is left me but despair !

In order, however, to convey to you an adequate idea of my situation, it is necessary for me to resume the narrative, where I left it in my last letter. I there informed you that my father's behavior was less brutal than usual. For two days the deception lasted, and then my persecution commenced.

We were sitting together after dinner (my sister and Cunegonde were present) when my father, after conversing some time on his favorite topics, abruptly asked me, *what was become of my wench, and if I was still fool enough to be in love ?*

“ If you mean Mademoiselle Rosenthal, sir,” I replied with all the calmness in my power, “ my sentiments remain unaltered ; for she deserves and possesses my warmest esteem.”

“ *The devil take you and all the beggarly crew together !*” cried he in a fury ; “ *Do you then dare to own your baseness to my face ? But I’ll put a stop to it. By the living God I’ll put a stop to it, thou degenerate varlet !*”

With these words he started out of his chair, and seizing me by the throat exclaimed, in a paroxysm of rage, “ *I’ll do for you, scoundrel, that’s what I will !*”

The attack was so violent, that I

really thought he would have strangled me, and it required the utmost exertion of patience not to resent this barbarous treatment. Sybilla, terrified at what she saw, and scarce knowing what she did, flew to my assistance ; but I had already extricated myself from his grasp, and rushing out of the parlor, I ran up stairs, and locked the door of my own chamber.

My father followed, as fast as the gout would permit, swearing and storming like a maniac ; but finding the door fast, and having in vain attempted to force it open, he went away, muttering a thousand imprecations on us all.

Soon after I saw him mount his horse, attended only by one servant. Scarce was he out of the yard, when Sybilla tapped gently at my door, desiring to speak to me directly. I let her in ; she was drowned in tears, and conjured me earnestly, if I either valued my own life, or the peace of the family, to comply with my father's wishes. She further told

me, that my uncle had been at Steinfeld castle a short time before my arrival, when many high words passed between him and my father, and that they separated, to all appearance, extremely irritated against each other. This quarrel, she said, had brought on a fit of the gout, during which my father had suffered severely, though she did not apprehend that it had been attended with any dangerous symptoms.

After thanking her sincerely for this intelligence, I thought it best at once to destroy every hope that might be entertained, in case my father should come to a knowledge of this conversation, and I accordingly assured her that no earthly power should ever compel me to give up Theresa.

“ This,” I added, “ was a point on which I had made up my mind, and was resolved to endure the cruellest persecution to which resentment could expose me, nay to risk even life itself, rather

than consent to a sacrifice, which could not be effected but at the expence of honor."

Sybilla, whose notions of honor were less refined than mine, endeavored in vain to combat this resolution. Before she left me, however, she let me into some family secrets, of which I was ignorant before. Among other things she told me that I had a decided enemy in Cunegonde. Not that she presumed openly to declare her sentiments, but never omitted an opportunity of secretly fomenting my father's displeasure, till she sometimes worked him up to a degree of anger little short of frenzy.

No sooner was I alone than I began seriously to reflect on my position, and to examine the resources which I possessed. By remaining at Steinfeld castle I was exposed to a thousand dangers, for I was convinced that my father would proceed to any extremities, rather than yield. I therefore resolved to seize the earliest opportunity of escaping, which I hoped to

accomplish without much difficulty, under pretext of hunting. But in this I was fatally disappointed, as my father's plans were laid with more art and subtlety than I ever suspected him of possessing.

When we met the next morning, he accosted me in a friendly manner, and even condescended, in his unpolished language, to apologize for his behavior on the preceding day. After breakfast, he told me he was so much better, that he thought of going out with his gun, and proposed to me to accompany him. Though extremely surprized at this sudden change, I knew not how to object, and we mounted our horses accordingly. My father was in high spirits, but, contrary to custom, seemed more occupied with his private thoughts, than with the sports of the field.

After riding for a couple of hours, he said he must call at an adjacent village, where he had business to transact with a farmer. When we got there, we



alighted at a decent house, and were received by a man, who treated us both with the most disgusting servility, and told my father, that the gentleman he expected, was already come.

Upon entering a small room, where a cold collation was prepared, I was a good deal surprized at seeing baron Strubel; and still more so, when a short time after, a carriage drove to the door, with baron Seilberg, Constantia, and that odious sycophant Kraus. My fears were now alarmed, since I could no longer doubt that a scheme was formed to betray me; though I concealed my apprehensions, as well as I could, under the mask of distant civility.

Constantia, on her part, was all gaiety, addressing me with a degree of levity that never could have pleased me, but which I then viewed with sentiments of disgust.

Wine was immediately called for, and the bottle passed briskly round. But as

I soon discovered that it was the object of the company to intoxicate me, I was fortunately put on my guard, and thus preserved from misery and destruction. Determined to ascertain whether I was a prisoner, or not, I went to the door, and no one moving, left the room for a few minutes. Upon my return, I found the three wise heads in close debate, but without seeming to pay the smallest attention to any thing that was passing, I resumed my seat, continuing to preserve the profoundest silence.

My father hemmed several times, as if he had something of importance to bring out, but was at a loss for words. At length, however, he thus broke the ice with his accustomed bluntness.

“ Lookee, Fred, you are a lucky dog by the lord Harry, and born under a fortunate planet. Other lads are forced to go a courting, and sometimes lose their labor after all. But here are riches, and rank, aye and a blooming lass into the

bargain, all ready to jump into your lap. Say the word, my boy, and she is your's in a trice."

This address was too plain to be misconstrued, so I thought it most prudent to put an end to the business by the decisive firmness of my reply.

"I am no less sensible," answered I in a resolute tone, "of the honor that is intended me, than grateful for it, although I am unfortunately constrained to decline it. Other engagements——"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed my father, foaming with rage, "no more of this nonsense, I beg; for I'll be d—d. if ever you shall have the beggarly strumpet."

Incensed at the terms in which he spoke of Theresa, I was upon the point of replying with acrimony, when I was interrupted by Seilberg, who said to my father, "For heaven sake moderate your temper; nothing can be gained by vio-

lence ; nor is Constantia an object to be despised."

This slight reproof was not without its effect; for my father seemed instantly to recollect himself, and filling out a bumper, proposed the health of Constantia. This invitation could not be refused, and I accordingly emptied my glass with a respectful bow.

No sooner had I done so, than my father clapped me on the back, crying, " That's well, Fred ; that's well To her, my boy, and she's your's in the twinkling of an eye."

I felt hurt for Constantia, who was thus wantonly exposed to so mortifying a scene ; but my compassion was instantly converted to contempt, when I saw her hold out her hand with a look of unblushing confidence, as if unconscious of the impropriety she committed.

Doubtful in what manner to act, I paused in anxious suspense. To reject with disdain her proffered hand was re-

pugnant to every sentiment of delicacy ; nor could I accept it, without sanctioning those unfounded expectations, which it was my decided purpose to destroy. My father, however, soon extricated me from this dilemma.

“ Why dost stand there like a ninny ?” cried he, seizing my arm. “ Shame upon thee, by G—d thou art no better than a post !”

Unwilling to push things to extremities, if it could possibly be avoided, and compassionating the situation of Constantia, I inconsiderately took her hand, pressing it to my lips with the coldest expression of respect.

My father, who was by this time more than half seas over, began capering about the room like a madman. “ That’s acting like a man,” exclaimed he in ecstasy. “ I hate your shilly-shallying fellows ; and was always for coming to the point at once. Pity there’s never a parson here,

or he might tack you together in a trice !”

“ If your honor pleases,” said the farmer, who was waiting in the room, and had doubtless received his clue, “ there’s a friend of mine in the house, who will answer your purpose as well as the best.”

“ Call him in ! call him in !” cried three or four voices at once. Immediately the door flew open, and in stalked a raw-boned friar, whose figure announced a heart insensible to the claims of humanity, and a courage equal to the most desperate undertaking.

Starting at his uncooth appearance, and snatching away my hand, I turned towards my father, and demanded in a resolute voice the meaning of this extraordinary proceeding.

“ Meaning !” repeated he with a countenance as stern as that of the monk, and locking the door as he spoke, “ Caught at last, my boy, and the devil’s in it, if you now escape.”

Incensed to madness at finding myself the dupe of his machinations, I rushed towards the door, and struck it violently with my foot. The lock gave way; when profiting by the favorable moment, I ran into the yard, where a lad was holding the horses. As I passed the window a pistol was fired from the parlor; the ball wizzed by my head, but fortunately without doing me any harm. In an instant I mounted my horse, and clapping spurs to his sides, galloped off as fast as I could. My father followed with his servants and two of his friends. Being better mounted than I was, they gained gradually upon me, and as I was in a narrow lane, I saw no chance of escaping, unless, by leaping a high hedge, over which I concluded that nobody would venture to follow me.

My horse cleared the fence, but no sooner was I in the open field, than a second pistol was discharged, though with no greater effect than the first. This was

immediately succeeded by a violent scream. Involuntarily I turned my head, and saw my father thrown from his horse, and scrambling in a ditch. The first impulse of nature almost tempted me to return to his assistance, but a moment's reflection suggested the danger of such a step. Nor can I now be sorry for my neglect, when I reflect that he twice attempted to shoot me, in the space of an hour, and that I left him surrounded by his attendants.

I was now suffered to proceed without further molestation, and directing my course across the open country, I at length entered a thick forest, where taking the first path that presented itself, I rode onward, till the weariness of my horse compelled me to think of seeking shelter for the night. A distant light directed me to a cottage. I knocked at the door, and inquired after the nearest place, where tolerable accommodations could be procured. Upon being told,



that I was within a league of Gunzburg, I resolved to go thither, and enter myself, as a volunteer, in the Austrian service. For war conveyed to me the idea of death, which in my present distress is the happiest event than can befall me.

Alighting at the crown inn, I requested to speak with the commanding officer, who is stationed here for the recruiting service. Our business was soon transacted, he behaved towards me with the greatest civility, accepted my offer, and it is now settled, that in a few days, I shall set off to join the army in Silesia.

Such, my dear Theodore, is the wretched destiny of thy friend. No hope is left him except to find a speedy termination to all his sorrows in the field of honor. Inclose, I intreat you, this letter to Theresa, comfort her under her misfortunes, and teach her to bear this cruel blow.

I have written to my uncle, acquainting him with every thing that has hap-

pened, conjuring him in the strongest terms to protect your helpless sister against my father's persecution, and requesting a small remittance to equip me for the ensuing campaign. My horse will carry me to the regiment, and I have money enough already to defray the expences of the journey.

Since my arrival here, I have never once ventured out of my room, from the apprehension of meeting some of my former acquaintance. But I fear no one half so much as our excellent friend father Philip. For how could I resist either his arguments, or his tears? Little did I imagine, when I parted from him, that there would ever be a moment in my life, when his benevolent countenance would convey to my heart any sentiments but those of delight. The sad change that has taken place in this respect is no small proof of my misfortune.

But why should I wound thy sympathetic breast by dwelling so minutely on

my sufferings?—To be for ever separated from Theresa—to renounce every prospect of earthly happiness, at a moment when the horizon appeared to brighten, and I looked forward to the completion of my fondest wishes with well-grounded expectation—Alas ! the trial is a severe one, and requires greater fortitude than thy desponding friend possesses.

The moment I join the regiment, you shall hear from me again. Heaven grant that I may arrive on the eve of a battle ! and that the post of danger may be allotted me ! My end shall not be inglorious. Despair will guide me to the cannon's mouth. It is my wish to fall, but I would fall with renown, and leave behind a reputation not unworthy the name of Steinfeld.

Is it a crime to throw away existence ? is there a guilt in courting a voluntary death ? and yielding to the dictates of despair ? This is a question which I have seriously examined, and my reason in-

forms me that no alternative is left. My father's inhumanity decided my fate. He drove me from his paternal roof, and compelled me to sacrifice all the boasted advantages which rank and fortune, and (I may now add, without the imputation of vanity) no despicable talents, appeared to scatter in the path of youth.

Farewell! my dearest Theodore, thou friend, and brother of my heart, farewell! Again I conjure thee to be kind to my Theresa. She needs every consolation that a soul like thine can administer.

Inclosed you will find a few lines for her, which I leave unsealed for you to read. Your own discretion will regulate the time when it will be best to deliver them. When I am no more, they will serve as a memorial of my affection, and when time shall have mitigated her grief, they may perhaps afford a melancholy consolation to her wounded heart.

Once more adieu. May providence protect you in all your undertakings,

preserve inviolate the virtuous principles that adorn your mind, shed its purest blessings over all your prospects, and reward your constancy with Leonora.

F. STEINFELD.

Do not omit to write. The colonel will forward the letter, and should I be still among the living, it will afford me some consolation to be assured that thou hast a tear for thy unfortunate friend."

The inclosed letter for Theresa contained the following lines.

"In what terms shall I address the beloved of my heart? how paint the agonies of my mind? Alas, my Theresa, every prospect of happiness is fled. Even the last frail reed, which Hope held out for my support, is bent and broken!

From your brother you will learn the melancholy detail of our wretched fate. It was an indispensable duty, and I performed it with many a tear. Yet immense is the distance between the claims of

friendship, and those of love ! When addressing Theodore, I could preserve an appearance of reason, but to thee I can employ no language but that of the heart.

Alas ! my beloved, the blissful visions, which we so fondly nourished, are dissipated like a dream, and we wake from the creations of a deluded fancy to substantial misery.

To have lived for you,—to have devoted all my time and thoughts to the gratification of every rising inclination as it sprung up in your bosom, was the favorite object of my life. But heaven has decided otherwise, and religion instructs us to submit.

To die for thee is all that now remains, and to prove by the sacrifice of this miserable existence, that I had no idea of felicity unconnected with thee. With a tranquil conscience, and a soul undaunted by its concomitant terrors, I am prepared to encounter death. My

latest prayers shall solicit blessings on thee. May the God of mercy compassionate thy trials, and grant thee fortitude to bear them !

I will not admonish thee to dry thy tears, for that would be sporting with affliction. No, it is consistent with nature, that thou shouldest weep for him who lived alone for thee. But the day will arrive when they shall cease to flow, for such is also the law of nature. Then shalt thou contemplate my memory with peaceful resignation, and mention my name with that calm and modulated regret, which is the most grateful tribute affection can offer to the cherished dead. May heaven console thee under every affliction, for I, alas ! have no comfort to bestow—no legacy to bequeath thee, except my prayers and blessing.

Oh wherefore did I take up my pen ? since every word it traces, awakens a fresh source of grief. Yet I could not

part from thee, without bidding thee an eternal adieu.

Farewell then, thou treasure of my soul ! farewell for ever !—When thou hearest that I am no more, rejoice my love, and be thankful, for my trials then will be ended, and my spirit will repose among the blessed.”

---

## CHAP. XIV.

---

A tender interview.

---

It would be a fruitless undertaking to attempt describing the various sensations which tortured the breast of Theodore while he perused the foregoing letters. Overwhelmed by the sudden shock, he remained motionless with grief, giving way to the agony of his mind in sighs,



and groans, and broken exclamations. At length growing more composed, he recollected that neither exclamations, nor groans, could reverse the decrees of providence, nor afford assistance to his wretched friend. He therefore began deliberately to consider what measures it might be proper to adopt. At first he proposed to set off instantly for Gunzburg, but upon referring to the date of Frederic's letter, there appeared scarce any chance of meeting with him there. Besides, should he even arrive in time, what arguments could he employ more efficacious than those, which had been already suggested by his own enlightened understanding. His next project was to go to Munich, in order to consult with Steinfeld's family. But on more mature deliberation, this plan was likewise abandoned, when he reflected that Frederic had acquainted his uncle with his intentions, and that the intelligence must already have reached him, as his own let-

ter had been unaccountably delayed. Nothing therefore could be done, except patiently to wait the event, confiding in providence for a happy result.

This decision being embraced, he retired to rest; but the agitation of his spirits being too great to allow him to sleep, he rose at an early hour, and going to the window, beheld Leonora reclining on the table in a pensive attitude. An unusual gloom overspread her brow, and she appeared buried in thought, scarcely ever raising her eyes from a book, which lay open before her.

Theodore gave way to a thousand apprehensions at this sudden change, as he had met her in the course of the preceding day, when nothing had happened to disturb her. With impatience and terror he waited for the evening, flattering himself, after the concert, to find some opportunity of conversing with her, and learning the cause of her chagrin.

Upon entering the music room, his

disquietude was still further increased by the dejection visible in Leonora's countenance; but as the places near her were already occupied, he was prevented from speaking to her till the music was over, and then only for a single moment. It was sufficient, however, for her to tell him to be at the garden before ten on the ensuing morning, as she had something of importance to communicate.

Scarce had she uttered these words, when a gentleman, sumptuously attired, coming up to Leonora, entered familiarly into conversation with her, appeared bent on engrossing her whole attention, notwithstanding the most evident marks of dislike.

Perceiving that it would be fruitless to wait for any further explanations, Theodore retired, overpowered by a variety of contending emotions, and vainly attempting to conjecture from what sudden cause Leonora's depression could arise; though he was fatally convinced, whatever it

might prove, it would oppose an additional obstacle to their union.

In this state of cruel suspense, he passed the night, scarcely ever closing his eyes; and rising with the sun, endeavored to compose his ruffled spirits by devotion. But the resignation he implored did not visit his mind, which continued a prey to anxious suspicion, torturing doubt, and all the disorderly train of tumultuous passions which love and jealousy inspire. With a palpitating heart he watched the flitting clouds, as they gathered and dispersed in the horizon; while every stroke of the cathedral clock vibrated to his heart with a convulsive sound, exciting a chilly and nervous palpitation in every muscle.

At length he beheld Leonora descend the steps without an attendant. With difficulty he curbed his impatience, lest, by following her too closely, he might create suspicion. After some time, however, he ventured to quit the house, and

taking a circuitous round, arrived at the garden door, but to his extreme mortification he found it locked. Oppressed by the gloomiest apprehensions, he threw himself on a mossy bank, from whence he could command the meandering path that led to the town; convinced that his passion for Leonora had been discovered, that all her motions were watched, and that she was prevented by the vigilance of her father from keeping her appointment.

From these premises his heated imagination derived the most dreadful conclusions. After scaling walls, encountering rivals, eluding duennas, and braving every accumulated peril that the annals of chivalry record, he was bearing off the rescued damsel in honorable triumph, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by the sound of light and airy steps, and raising his eyes, beheld the lovely maid leaning on a female friend. The unexpected presence of a stranger

failed not to dash his hopes, restraining the ardor with which his bosom glowed. With timid step he approached, uncertain what tone to assume, when Leonora taking his hand with her wonted frankness, presented him to her friend, and unlocking the door, they immediately entered the garden. Being now secure from interruption, Leonora's companion amused herself with examining the plants and flowers, for which she entertained such a prodigious taste, that she had neither eyes, nor apprehension, for any thing else.

Meanwhile our lovers strolled carelessly on, and seating themselves beneath a venerable oak, "You see me," said Leonora gravely, "much later than I intended, but I was under the necessity of calling on my friend in the way, and had very important reasons for bringing her with me. She will, however, lay no restraint upon our conversation, as she is an excellent creature, has been herself

unhappy, and consequently knows how to feel for those who are so."

There was a degree of solemnity in Leonora's manner, so unlike her natural character, that it alarmed the fears of Theodore. Yet still he wanted courage to demand the cause, but fixing his eyes on hers, with a look of timid inquiry, seemed at once to seek, and to deprecate an explanation.

Leonora penetrated his thoughts, and regarding him with the tenderest emotion, continued thus.

"The trials of your friend, I trust, are about to terminate"——

Recollecting that she was unacquainted with all that had taken place at Steinfeld castle, Theodore was going to interrupt her, when she, mistaking his intention, put her finger on his mouth, imposing silence in the gentlest tone of authority.

"Would to heaven!" continued she, "that our prospects were equally serene! But alas! a storm is gathering, which

threatens to burst upon us with irresistible fury. Our attachment, I am concerned to say, is by no means so secret as I believed it; even my sister-in-law has penetrated the mystery; and of all human beings she unfortunately is the person whom we have the greatest reason to dread. For this intelligence I am indebted to my mother, and I have in consequence disclosed to her the exact situation of my heart. She loves me with unbounded tenderness, and will, I am persuaded, do every thing in her power to promote our union. But you know how little weight her opinion carries, when combated by the pride and avarice of some other members of the family. For with all her amiable and estimable qualities, her reigning passion is the love of peace, and to this she unites a sentiment of diffidence, by which she is often induced to sacrifice her own ideas of rectitude to the violence of those who are greatly her inferiors in understanding. So far as her



influence extends, we may rest secure of her support; but alas! she lives in hourly dread of the part my father may act, when stimulated by the malice of Deborah."

"I pity you from my soul," said the dear, and excellent woman "for I have for some time remarked with infinite concern your growing inclination for young Rosenthal. As yet I am a stranger to your father's sentiments on the subject, but I know full well how jealous he is of his own authority, and the ambitious projects which he entertains with respect to your future establishment. Indeed, I have some reason to fear that he has already promised your hand to baron Globerg; and should his pretensions be seconded, as they probably will, by your eldest brother and his wife, I tremble at the prospect before you. I am perfectly aware, my dear child, continued she, of the difficulty of conquering a strong attachment, but I am equally

sensible that reason and prudence are powerful auxiliaries, when properly exerted. Let me therefore exhort you in the strongest terms seriously to examine your heart, and to comply with your father's wishes if you possibly can."

"The kindness with which she spoke penetrated to my heart, and falling on her neck, I burst into a flood of tears. Oh name it not, thou best of parents," I cried, "since I never, never can consent."

"I have no cause, my beloved child," resumed my mother, "to doubt that Theodore would make you happy, for he possesses many amiable qualities, is a youth of uncommon promise, and seems universally esteemed by all who know him. You must, however, consider that he has nothing besides his talents to depend on, and has as yet fixed on no profession to enable him to get forward in the world. This I am confident will prove a weighty objection with your father, as it is very

natural that it should. You may rest assured, however that I will omit nothing to serve you, but at the same time I must add, that I have little expectation of succeeding, and therefore the wisest thing that you can possibly do, would be at once to break off all further connection with Theodore. But should you feel incapable of so great an effort, I must recommend to you the utmost caution, as a premature discovery would ruin all."

"Do but protect me, my dearest mother," I exclaimed in an agony, "from that odious Globerg, and you shall direct all my actions in future, though Theodore is, and must ever remain, the object of my fondest affection."

"Most adored of women!" exclaimed Theodore clasping her passionately to his breast, "how can I merit this excessive bounty? Yet how will it be possible for a heart like yours, so feelingly alive to all the finer sympathies of our nature, to contend against the stern com-

mand of an angry father? or to resist the tears of so fond a mother? Alas I fear that thy resolution will prove unequal to the distressing conflict; that thou wilt be constrained to yield to their ceaseless persecutions, and to abandon the wretched despairing Theodore."

"Never," replied she with firmness, "never will I be the wife of another, though separated eternally from thee."

*Theodore*.—"O words of comfort!"

*Leonora*.—"My promise is irrevocably given, and neither threats, nor supplications, nor all the cruel treatment that malice can invent, shall force me to retract it."

Having said this, she stretched out her hand to ratify the vow; seizing it with ardor, he pressed it to his burning lips, while Leonora continued in a more solemn tone;—

"You are now acquainted with my determination, and know of what exertions my soul is capable. But after the proof

which I have just given of inviolable affection, I feel entitled to impose such conditions as appear to me indispensable to our future success, and shall consider your prompt compliance as the most undoubted testimony of your regard."

The awful manner in which she spoke alarmed the fears of Theodore, as it seemed preparatory to a sacrifice of some importance ; yet still he did not hesitate to assure her, that her injunctions, however contrary they might be to his inclinations, should be religiously observed. Satisfied with this engagement, she thus resumed,

"It is necessary that our meetings should be less frequent than they have hitherto been. Whenever it shall be in my power to see you, I will find means to inform you of it. Till then, you must rest satisfied with the conviction of possessing my unalterable esteem, and repose an unlimited confidence in that persuasion. At all events, however, it will be

prudent for you to avoid appearing at our next concert."

Theodore was preparing to reply, but as his countenance betrayed an inclination to object, she rose, and put an end to the conversation by joining her friend.

---

---

## CHAP. XV.

While there is life, there is hope.

THOUGH equally convinced of each other's constancy, the lovers separated with a sentiment of regret more keen than any which they had hitherto experienced. While Leonora, to avoid suspicion, hurried home, our hero wandered over the adjacent fields, and did not enter the town till it was late. Without tasting refreshment he walked up and down his

room, wringing his hands in an agony of grief, and lamenting his cruel destiny.

The sound of Leonora's harp at length roused him from despair, and running to the window he listened in rapture to the enchanting strains. The notes were soft, and plaintive, and in perfect unison with his own feelings. Having finished the piece with all its variations, she sung a favorite hymn of Pergolese; every line of which breathed hope and confidence in the superintending bounty of the creator, and the most submissive resignation to his decrees.

“Father of all!” exclaimed Theodore with the rapturous devotion of an enthusiastic soul, while serenity and peace, like drops of balm instilled into his wounded bosom, “thou, whose unerring wisdom directs the comet in its eccentric course, and confines the planets within their destined orbits, deign also to contemplate with an eye of pity, the lowest and humblest of thy creatures. Be unto us a

guide and guardian, O thou creator of this glorious firmament, whose numerous and resplendent luminaries give light and life to animated nature. Insignificant as we appear in the scale of beings, thy paternal goodness will not desert us, for thou hast called us into existence, and as the work of thy hand we cannot be designed for reprobation, unless we forfeit every claim to favor by our own misdeeds. To thee I commit my destiny in the full persuasion that in all thy dispensations justice will be tempered with mercy. Yet thou knowest that we are weak, and fallible, and totally unequal to those exertions which the greatness of our trials may demand. O deign then to arm our souls with fortitude, if it be our lot to suffer ! I implore not the smallest deviation from thy divine behest, nor am I weak enough to suppose that the laws of nature will be suspended for the sake of such an atom as man. All I ask for is courage and resignation to support the



calamities which thou art pleased to inflict."

The heart of Theodore grew lighter as he prayed. His spirits gradually revived, as if upheld by an omnipotent hand. Retiring to rest in fullest confidence of the divine protection, his sleep was refreshing, and he awoke in the morning to new hopes, and brighter prospects.

As he was at breakfast, a large packet was brought him from the post, and opening it with trembling hands, it contained two letters; the first he read was from Frederic, which for the reader's information we shall transcribe.

" My best, and dearest *brother*,  
The moment is now approaching, when you will be legally entitled to that tender appellation, since my trials at length are terminated, and bliss unspeakable awaits me. Rejoice with me, my incomparable friend; for Theresa is mine, unchangeably mine !

My transports will scarcely allow me to preserve the smallest regularity in my narrative ; but I will endeavor to recollect myself, in order to convey to you some faint idea of the strange events which have taken place since last I wrote.

Just as I was preparing to quit Gunzburg, where I was fortunately detained some days longer than I expected in waiting for a party of fresh recruits, a chaise drove furiously into the yard of the inn, out of which, to my utter astonishment, leaped my dear and ever-valued uncle. Scarce able to move from confusion, I shrunk into a corner, where my uncle, instantly perceiving me, ran to me, and folding me in his arms, burst into tears. My emotion also was too violent to allow me to speak, but my feelings were not unmixed with fear, as in case he should oppose my departure, I wanted courage to combat his tenderness, though I could brave my father's anger.

The moment he was a little recovered, he put an end to my apprehensions by acquainting me, that I was no longer under any restraint. Yet as no earthly blessing is free from alloy, the first impression of joy was considerably damped by the melancholy intelligence of my father's death, who broke a blood vessel in the fall, and expired a few hours after.

Under any other circumstances I should have grieved sincerely, although he never behaved towards me with the affection of a parent. Besides, there is something shocking to humanity in the time and manner of his death. To quit the world in so unprepared a state, while under the influence of the most violent passion.—Nature shudders at the idea, and flies for relief to those consoling doctrines, which represent the mercy of our creator as unbounded.

Let us turn from this horrid scene to a subject which offers nothing to the ima-

gination but joy ineffable. At this moment I am under the same roof with Theresa—she is sitting by my side—she smiles upon me. O Theodore, if it were possible for man to taste perfect felicity on this side the grave, mine is now that envied lot.

My uncle not only consents to, but approves our marriage, and on Tuesday next we shall be united for ever. Would that you could be present to partake my joy ! Would that——But Theresa insists on writing herself, so I am constrained to resign my pen.”

Theodore was in ecstasy at every line, and skipped about the room like a delighted child, till recollecting that he had another letter to peruse, he broke the seal, and read as follows.

“ My dearest Theodore,  
My heart is so full of joy, that I am at a loss for words to express myself.

Frederic is mine! What years of bliss does that one sentence contain! and how grateful am I to providence for being enabled to write it!

On sunday morning as I was sitting in the arbour with my father, a chaise drove hastily to the door, and in an instant Frederic was at my feet. The transition was too sudden for my strength, and I fainted in his arms. Upon recovering, I found myself seated between him and his excellent uncle, in whose benevolent countenance I plainly traced my future happiness.

O! where can I find language strong enough to describe my veneration and gratitude towards that incomparable man? for how poor is every phrase when compared with the feelings of an overflowing heart!

How nearly was I placed on the brink of destruction! what a frightful abyss was opening before me! while wrapt in visions of deceitful bliss, I slept securely.

Could man foresee the evils which await him, how insupportable would his existence prove !

Heaven ! had I been acquainted with the rash decision to which despair impelled my Frederic, I could never have survived the shock. But every cloud is dissipated, and the horizon is become pure and serene as the breast of innocence.

May you, my beloved brother, be equally happy with the object of your choice ; for I will not conceal from you that Frederic has betrayed your secret. You must not be angry with him upon this account, since he told me every thing in the unrestrained confidence of affection, as we were conversing together in the arbor. Again I repeat, that you must not scold him, because I derive inexpressible pleasure from the idea that you have at last abandoned your ridiculous plan of a cloister. Besides, if I may believe your friend, Leonora does credit to

your choice. Indeed, he speaks of her in such a strain of rapture, that any woman except myself would grow jealous.

That you may be happy together is my most ardent prayer, and one of which I venture to predict the accomplishment, since I flatter myself you may now look forward with confidence to the prospect of soon obtaining some lucrative employment through the interest of *our* generous uncle. Frederic will make a point of this, nor shall *my* exertions be wanting; and that, let me tell you, is no trifling consideration, as his partiality towards me is so great, that I am certain he will refuse me nothing.

Frederic gives me the satisfaction of hearing that Leonora already loves me. Assure her, I intreat you, that I return her affection with equal warmth. Adieu, my dearest Theodore, Frederic calls me to walk, so I have only time to add, that I am ever your's.

T. R."

## CHAP. XVI.

---

A wedding.

---

THEODORE'S thoughts were so completely occupied with the prosperity of his friends, that he forgot awhile the gloom with which his own destiny was enveloped. Reflection, however, soon confirmed the melancholy contrast which fortune had established between him and Steinfeld; not on the side of riches alone, for on them his generous heart would have disdained to waste a single thought, but with respect to happiness also, in which he believed himself equally entitled to partake.



“Why, O God!” exclaimed he, “are thy blessings distributed with so unequal a hand? It cannot surely be essential to the well-being of the universe, that Leonora or I should be alone excluded from sharing in the general good!”

Scarce had he uttered this sentence, than growing sensible of the injustice of his complaint, he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart for the felicity of those whom he so dearly loved; and then taking up his pen addressed them both in the following words:

“My dearest friends,

“Impute it not to want of sensibility, should I express my satisfaction in terms less warm than you expect; for the chilling hand of sorrow deadens all the energies of my mind, and renders it incapable of those lively expressions which are congenial to the feelings of the supremely happy. Yet no one, believe me, can rejoice more sincerely than I do. It is not the sentiment that is wanting,

but the power of communicating it to others. No, whatever may be the destiny reserved for me, my bosom will never cease to sympathize in the happiness of a sister and a friend.

May you long continue to enjoy this blissful portion; for the cup of your felicity is filled to the very brim, and not a drop should be added or taken away. May unfading roses bloom in your verdant path, and shed their choicest perfumes wheresoever you go. While weeping in solitary sadness, I sit forlorn beneath the mournful cypress.

Short and flitting has been my dream of bliss; but I have tasted the ambrosial draught, and it has poisoned every future prospect.

Powers of mercy! can the hand of Leonora be destined to another? Can she too swear eternal faith to the man she despises, or could heaven ratify the deceitful vow? Does parental authority extend thus far in this enlightened age? If

so, what avails the progress of reason, instructing man to assert his native rights? Or why do we boast of our religious faith, when we reject its leading principle, that beautiful tenet of universal charity?

It surely were more consistent with the principles of humanity to adopt the policy of the pagan world, exposing the new born infant to the boistrous elements, and beasts of prey, than thus with churlish piety to foster it in the bosom of speculating tenderness, that when all its sensibility is matured by time, the sacrifice may be consummated with more refined barbarity!

Assure my good father of my most dutiful regard, but tell him not of my sufferings, lest they plant his pillow with thorns.

Your wedding-day shall be appropriated to solemn meditation. I will devote it to thanksgiving for your present felicity, and supplications that that felicity may prove durable as your virtues. Not

a thought of my own affliction shall intrude to trouble the serenity of that awful moment, or cast a transient cloud over the delightful prospect.

On your part, forget me not in your prayers, for I have a well-grounded confidence in the prayers of the happy.

The following lines were sent inclosed.

As woodbines twine oe'r fountains clear,  
So nurs'd by hope, to friendship dear,  
First springs th' unconscious flame,  
Yet short the golden dream they prove,  
For pride repel's the vows of love,  
With stern despotic claim.

Rude winds bespeak the tempest nigh,  
The black clouds shoot athwart the sky,  
Hiding the face of day,  
Till balmy zephyrs lull the storm,  
And radiant sol's resplendent form,  
Cheers with its vivid ray.

Approach, blest pair, to Hymen's shrine,  
Where fortune, love, and virtue join,  
To make your bliss secure,  
Your joys I feel, as feel I ought,  
Yet weak their pow'r's to chase the thought,  
Of all I now endure.

Dismal, and dreary is my way,  
No roses bloom where'er I stray,  
No wreaths adorn my head,  
O'er the dull scene a cloud is cast,  
And pinch'd by sorrow's chilling blast,  
The cherub Hope is fled.

Partakers here of heav'nly bliss,  
You sip the pure, ambrosial kiss,  
Of innocence and truth;  
From that sweet cup, which angels fill,  
Oh! let one precious drop distill,  
To cheer my blighted youth!

Scarce had Theodore sealed his packet, when Martin entered the room.

"I have made bold to call on your honor," said the honest fellow, "to know if you have any tidings of master."

"He is well," replied Theodore, "and will be married in a few days."

*Martin.*—"Heaven be praised, say I, for no man deserves more to be happy."

*Theodore.*—"That is perfectly true."

*Martin.*—"I was sure as how good luck would befall him one time, or other;

or there would be no such a thing as justice in the world. But all comes right at last, though one man's meat is another man's poison, as the saying is, and a truer thing was never said, as we had proof enough at the castle."

*Theodore.*—"Did you see the baron after his fall?"

*Martin.*—"Aye, and a sorry sight it was, to behold so great a gentleman brought home on a hurdle, as if he had been no better than myself, with the blood gushing out of his nose and mouth. Yet spite of his dreadful situation, he no sooner could speak, than he fell a cursing and swearing at master as if he had been as hale and as healthy as a grenadier. "The dog has run away," said he to me "and be d—d to him, and the sooner you're after him the better."

"To be sure I didn't wait for a second order, but running to the stable, saddled the first horse that came to hand, and was off in a trice. No sooner was

I out of sight of the castle, than I began for to consider which way I should turn myself, for I'd nothing on earth to guide me. So says I to myself, it's best howsumever to lose no time; and with this I rides away as fast as my horse could carry me, asking every creature I met, if they had seen the young baron. But the devil a soul knew any thing about him; and what is still stranger, when I got a little way from home not a soul seemed to care about his honor; and at last they even dared to laugh in my face, though I wore his worship's livery. So thinks I to myself, it's needless to go any further, for if the folks don't know baron Steinfeld, its plain as how they know nothing at all, for excepting the emperor, and his electoral highness, there's nothing half so great in all Bavaria."

Theodore could not refrain from smiling at poor Martin's simplicity, but being unwilling to interrupt his narrative,

he gave him a nod of encouragement which tempted him to proceed.

“ Not being able to gain any tidings of master, I thought it best to return to the castle; and there to be sure I found things at a fine pass. The old gentleman was now gone, and every one said he went off just as he lived, swearing at all about him, but at none half so much as at master. They say too, that he turned as black as coal before his death, and that strange noises were heard all over the castle, and the lord knows what; but to this I cannot testify, being as how I wasn't present.”

*Theodore.*—“ These are only the inventions of fear, and it is unbecoming a fellow of your sense to give the smallest credit to such idle stories.”

*Martin.*—“ I didn't say that I believed them, sir, no, God forbid that I should be such an ass as that comes to.”

*Theodore.*—“ Well ! well ! proceed.”



*Martin.*—" I hadn't been there long, before I found out how things were going, and that nobody seemed to care about any thing but himself. Lord love you, why there was as much justling and bustling, bundling, and trundling, as if they had been going to send every thing to a fair. But none of 'em was half so busy as madmoiselle what d'ye-call-um. Not a corner in the house but she ransacked it, and a fine booty she made, I'll warrant her. So says I to myself, if this be your fashion of going on, why an honest man can have no business among you, and so I goes, and packs up my little all, and sets off on foot again in search of master."

" It's true, I might have done like the rest, and saved myself the trouble of walking; but I scorns for to take a horse, or any thing else, that isn't mine. No, I was born honest, and honest I'll die."

" So as I said before, I trudged off

with my bundle at my back, making the best of my way to Ingolstadt, in hopes that your honor might know something of master."

Having concluded his story, Theodore gave him proper directions where to go, when Martin was on the point of departing; but just as he was opening the door, he stopped short, and began scratching his head. Theodore, perceiving his embarrassment, inquired if he wanted any thing; to which question Martin replied with an awkward bow.

"Much obliged to your honor. But the truth is as how folks can't travel without eating or drinking."

"Nothing can be truer," said Theodore smiling, and putting a ducat into Martin's hand, at which his eyes glistered with delight, "This trifle will carry you to Dallenberg, where you will infallibly meet your master."

Scarce had Martin disappeared, when

Leonora's maid brought back some music which our hero had lent her. The girl courtseyed, and retired, when Theodore opening the book, a folded paper dropped out, containing the following lines !

“ Beloved of my soul !

Let your heart once more revive to hope, since fortune seems again to smile. I have had another conversation with my mother, who was more kind, if possible, than before, and promises to sound my father's intentions on this interesting subject, the first opportunity that offers ; and she has already persuaded him to give up all thoughts, at least for the present, of Globerg.

This, my dear Theodore, is no trifling victory ; for to gain time, in our situation, is gaining every thing. Of this, however, you may rest assured, that your Leonora's hand shall never be given with-

out her heart, and that is unchangeably her Theodore's.

Tomorrow at three o'clock, I shall be in the garden; till then farewell. Be cautious how you go, for the smallest indiscretion may ruin all."

Theodore did not fail to follow these directions with scrupulous attention, and on the following day the lovers met with as much delight as if they had been separated for months. The first transports being subsided, Theodore informed her of the happy prospects which awaited his friend, and Theresa.

"You see," said she with a bewitching smile, "that constancy and perseverance are ultimately rewarded."

With these words, she sunk into his arms, while a tear of rapture glistening in his eye, he pressed her to his panting bosom.

"Dearest, loveliest of women!" cried the transported youth, "can this be

real? Do I indeed fold thee once more in these fond arms? And art thou, art thou mine?"

"Ever, ever your's," she replied with a look of inexpressible tenderness, and reclining her head on his shoulder, he imprinted a thousand kisses on her burning lips.

A sentiment of devotion was invariably connected with the idea of happiness in the mind of Theodore; for he had been accustomed from his cradle to look up to providence as to the beneficent author of every human blessing. Even in the arms of beauty he forgot not to trace his felicity to its primitive source, but exalting his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed with a fervor, which at such a moment would have appeared misplaced in any mouth except his,

"How blessed, O God! how supremely blessed! hast thou made me! For how contemptible are all the riches, and splen-

dor of the world, when compared with the treasure which I now possess."

"Do you then love me beyond every earthly possession?" said Leonora with a look, which seemed rather to solicit confirmation, than expressive of doubt.

"Can you question it?" replied he, clasping her to his breast with redoubled ardor.

"And is your affection for me," continued she with an arch smile, "as great as your passion for a cloister?"

"Even there," answered he in the same tone, "you have nothing to fear, Not St. Francis himself can contend against the powers of Leonora's charms; and I now only wait for your permission to make my father acquainted with our mutual attachment. Not that I entertain the smallest doubt of obtaining his consent, for he never manifested any particular desire that I should embrace the ecclesiastical state. On the contrary he rather yielded to what he be-

lieved an unconquerable predilection on my part, than encouraged me by his approbation to persevere."

"My prospects too are improved in every respect. Frederic's uncle will now interest himself in my favor, and with his patronage I can hardly fail of procuring some lucrative appointment under the Bavarian government, which will render me independent of the world."

"That indeed," resumed the lovely girl, "is a delightful assurance, and calms every inquietude at once. To my mother I can in future speak with greater confidence; for I will not conceal from you, that in spite of all her partiality towards you, the idea of a convent has always discomposed her, when we conversed on the subject of our future union. This impediment being removed, her attempts to serve us will, of course, become more animated, while my father's objections must proportionably decrease."

Thus every obstacle was at once sur-

mounted by the generous credulity of love, and the contented pair separated in full persuasion that they were the chosen favorites of heaven, and reserved for its most precious gifts.

Theodore now began seriously to reflect that by delaying any longer to inform his father of the change which had taken place respecting his future plans, he should be guilty of unpardonable neglect. For in spite of all the indifference with which he treated the subject, when conversing with Leonora, he could not well reconcile himself to the idea of appearing to his family in so inconstant a light. Was this, he thought, a proper return for the generosity with which his father had procured him the amplest means of improvement, even at an expence far beyond that which the smallness of his fortune entitled him to expect.

Every night he laid down with the firm resolution of writing the following



day, but no sooner did the morning dawn, that he invented some fresh excuse for deferring it.

In this state of irresolution, the time passed heavily on, till the following letter from his sister arrived.

“ My dear brother,

Every wish of my heart is now accomplished. I am the happiest of women and united for ever to the best and kindest of men. Yes, so complete is my felicity that I have nothing to pray for, except, like you, that it may continue unimpaired.

Every day discovers some new perfection in the character of my Frederic, and yet I always thought him the most perfect of beings. How little do I feel in comparison with him, for what have I to boast of except an unaffected simplicity, the humble consciousness of my own inferiority, and the fervent wish to correct my errors by imitating the transcendent merits of him I adore.

The ceremony was conducted in the most private manner, as both Frederic and myself are equally enemies to ostentation. A few friends only were present, among whom I had not forgotten the respectable pastor of Windenheim; but unluckily a slight indisposition prevented his attendance; this, however, was the only mortification I met with on that auspicious day.

Frederic's uncle is a second father to us both, and always calls me daughter. No words can convey an adequate idea of his kindness. He has already presented me with some jewels of great value, but no gift can be half so precious in my estimation as that of his affection.

Charles and his wife were among our guests. - Indeed, my dear Theodore, it is sufficient to disgust any one with human nature, to observe the sudden alteration that has taken place in Priscilla's behavior. For she is scarcely less troublesome now with her flattery, than she formerly was from ill temper.

Charles, on his part, appears transported with my good fortune, and speaks of the *baron* in terms of the highest admiration, since Frederic generously declared his intention of receiving nothing from the family, telling my father that he had children enough to provide for, without thinking about me.

Your letter cost me many tears. Sincerely do I sympathise in your sorrows, and fervently do I pray for their speedy termination. Do not, however, indulge in the melancholy suggestions of a desponding mind, but rather reflect with confidence on the many obstacles which we have surmounted. Why should not you be equally fortunate, since nobody can deserve it more.

Frederic insists upon adding a few lines, I must therefore hasten to subscribe myself your happy sister,

“ THERESA STEINFELD.”

Frederic wrote as follows :

“ The excess of my felicity is too great for words to paint, and yet my heart finds

a place for commiseration, when I reflect on the trials of my friend. Despair not, however, that every thing will end according to your wishes. Leonora's is no common mind. She is equal to the severest trials, and if perseverance can ensure success, she will ultimately carry her point.

In two days we intend removing to Steinfeld castle. Our worthy uncle accompanies us, and I hope to persuade your father to be of the party. Believe me I already love him with filial affection, for I know not a worthier man. Farewell, my dear brother, I do not ask you to come to us, because I cannot expect you to make so great a sacrifice, as the quitting Leonora would prove. Remember, however, that you will always find a home at Steinfeld castle, and a friend who will welcome you with fraternal tenderness.

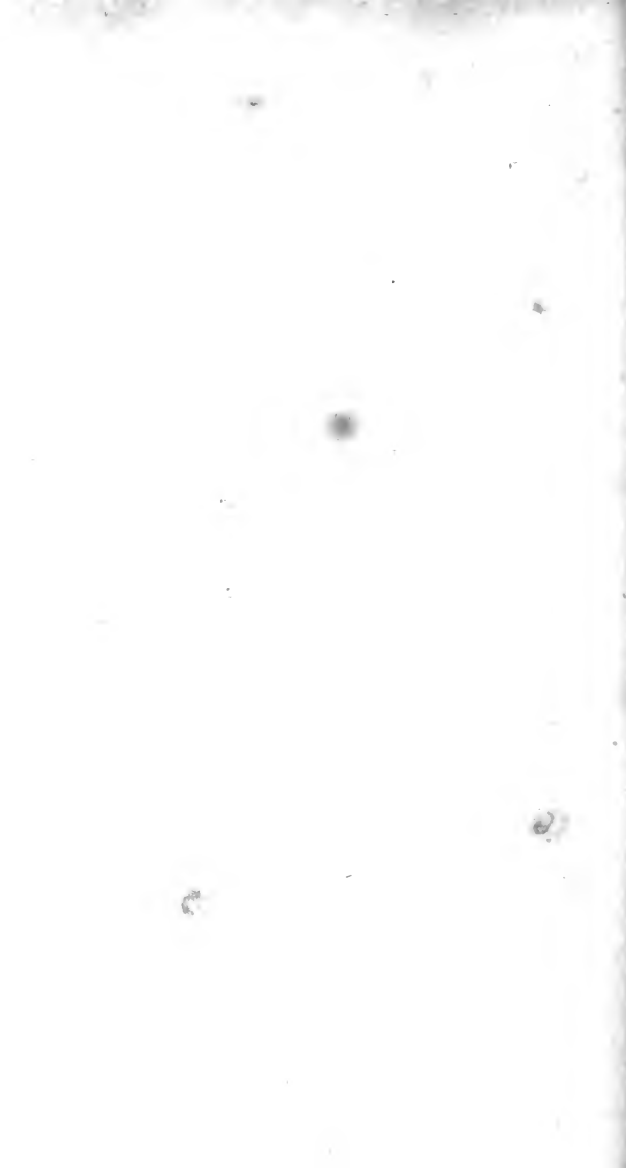
“ F. S.”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

---

BROOKE, Printer, Paternoster-row.



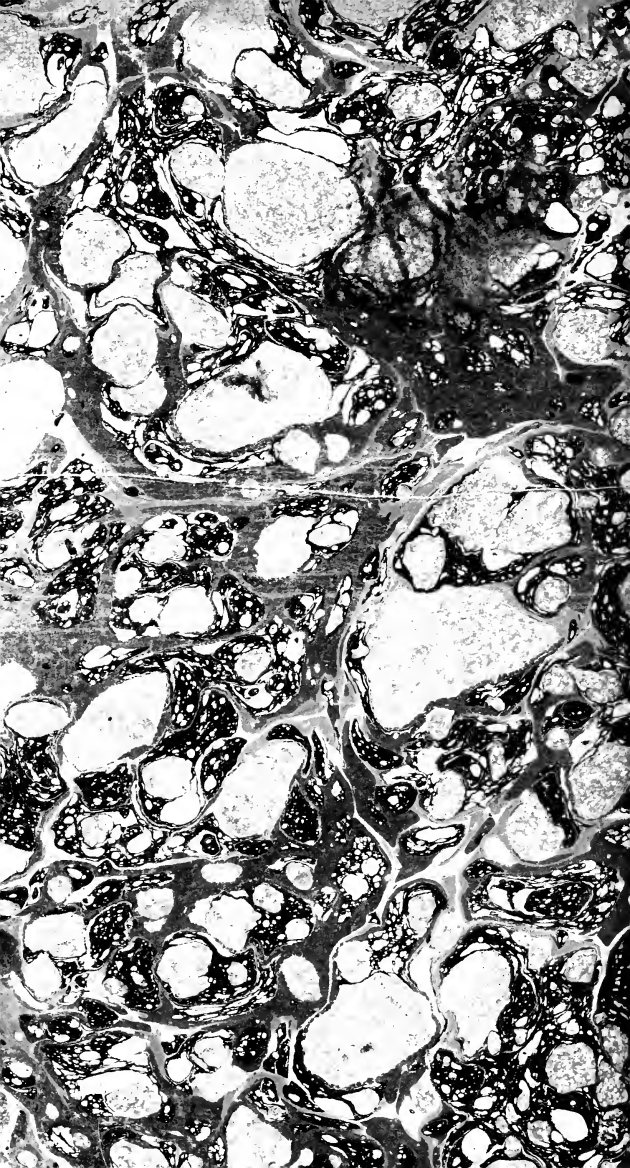


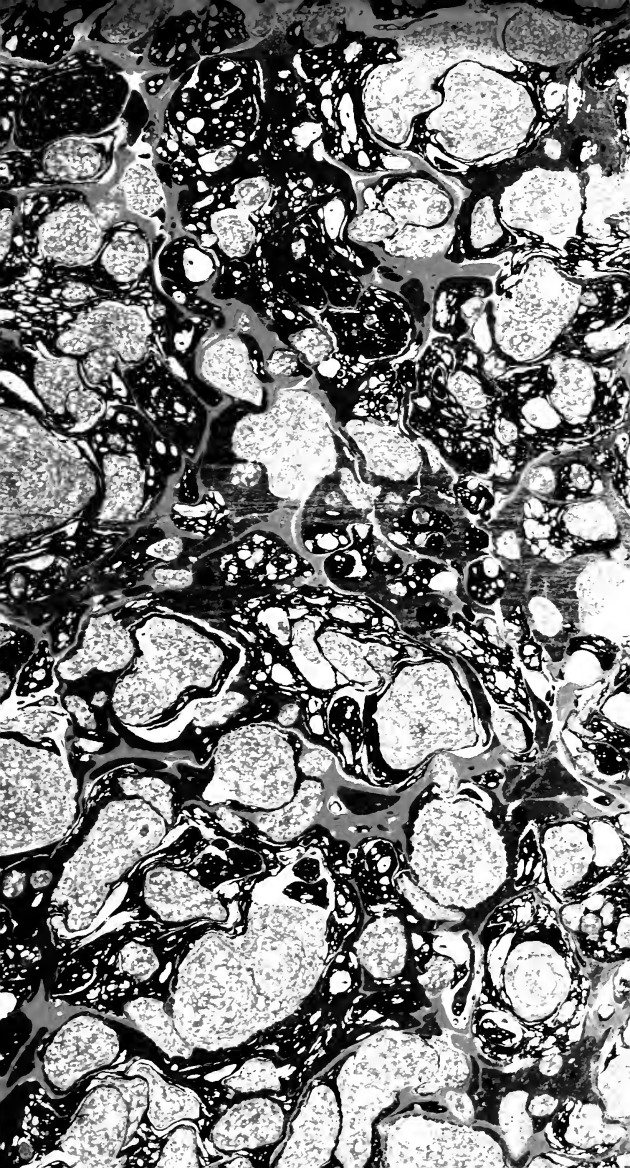












UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 056502161